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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 15 No. 4 75p

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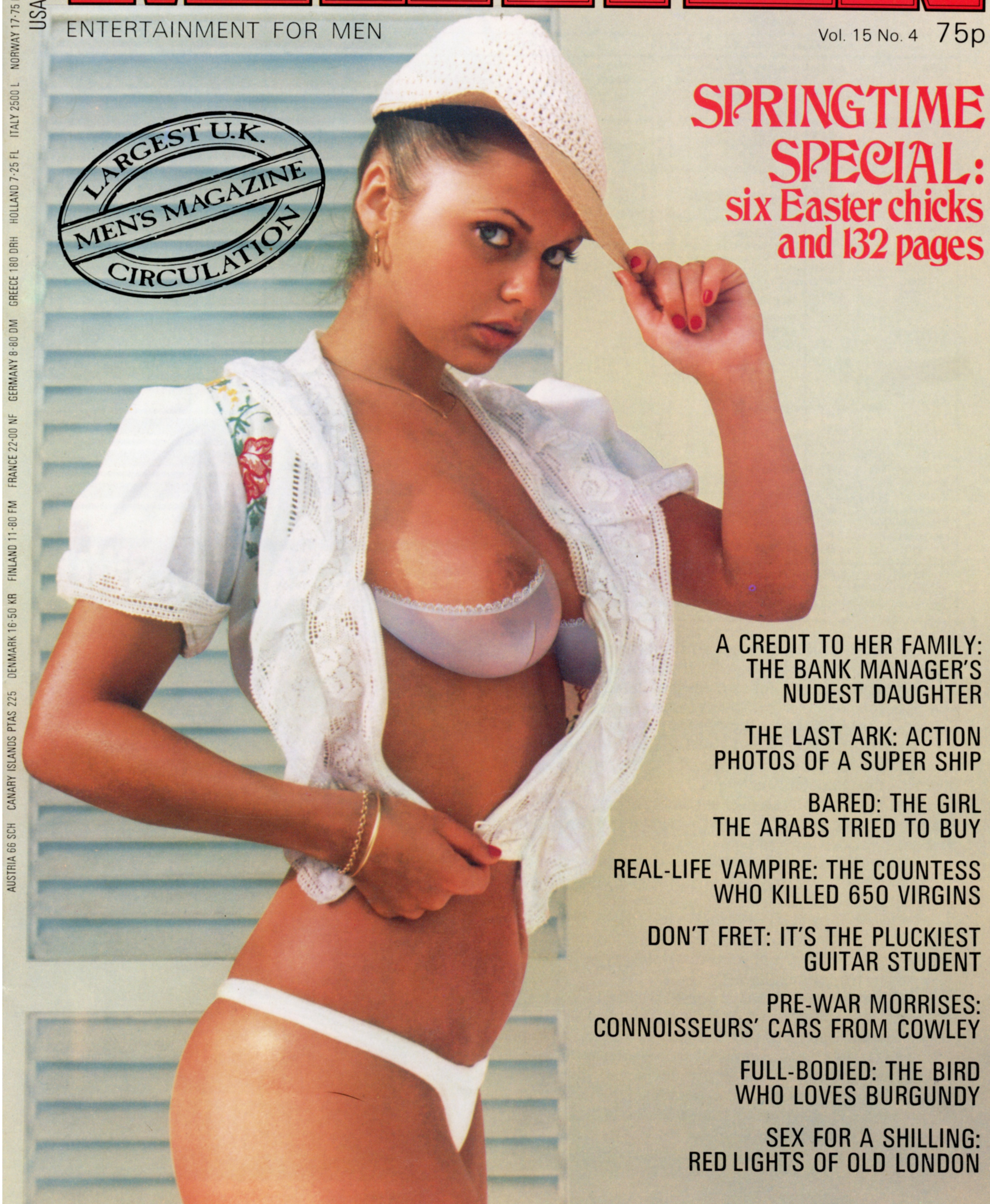

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Vol. 15 No. 4

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JULIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Every day for over a year Julie Diston clocked in at the engineering works of Fletcher, Brock and Collis. And every day she dreamed of sunning her 34B-22-34 body in warmer climes than Hainault, Essex, where she toiled on a capstan lathe making bolts. But for Julie one day her dream came true.

'There's more to life than slogging away for nearly fifty weeks a year and spending two weeks in Benidorm', said Julie who never does things in half measures. She and her boyfriend saved for two years and then embarked on a 16,000 mile adventure lasting a year. They pointed their Volkswagen van first to Morocco and then headed south through Niger, Nigeria, the Cameroons, Ruanda, Tanzania, and finally Kenya where they sold the VW to pay for their tickets home. The journey was rarely dull, as Julie recalls: 'In Nigeria we got stuck in a river for six hours and of all things we were rescued by three Italians! Later we were sleeping in the van at the Serengeti National Park in Tanzania when a pride of mean-looking lions came prowling round at very close quarters. But that was nothing compared with the nasty shock I had in Morocco – a group of Arabs asked if they could buy me.'

It doesn't require an expert linguist to spot Julie's cockney lilt, but her roots go much further east of London than Romford. In fact, 22-year-old Julie is descended from the original Romany Gipsy and her own family is from Romania. Julie believes she has inherited some of her ancient ancestors' powers and with the aid of a pack of cards she will read your fortune. The gipsy wanderlust is also as strong in Julie as it was in her forefathers, for no sooner had she returned from Kenya than she got itchy feet for the open road. 'It was a real anti-climax coming home after a year on the road', said Julie, 'and my real ambition now is to go right round the world. But in the meantime I'm saving for my next trip across Europe and hopefully all the way to India. We'll steer clear of the Arab states though – just in case an Arab makes an offer my boyfriend can't say no to!'

CONNIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EUGENE DURIG

'Buttocks is undoubtedly the finest place', smiled 22-year-old Connie, her 37-25-36 body shaking with laughter. 'Buttocks is spelled B-u-t-t-e-a-u-x and it's where the Burgundy region's best Chablis comes from. Of course it should be pronounced Butto, but in English wine circles Butteaux, pronounced Buttocks, usually raises a smile.'

Connie Hall considers herself to be a bit of a wine buff, but she admits her enthusiasm for following procedure wanes at the point you're supposed to spit it out. 'They say that appreciating wine is like appreciating a woman', said Connie. 'First you inspect it against the light and then you smell the bouquet. Finally you place it in the mouth sucking gently between the teeth. I think I'd like to be appreciated along those lines.'

Annette

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

For several months there has been a growing trend for top fashion models to grace our centre spreads. In V15/1 top Danish model Helle Kjaer produced more letters of praise from readers than we can remember for a long while. And in this month's centre-fold a top model from Britain for the first time reveals the 35-22-34 charms which guarantee her a successful future in front of the camera lens. She's 17-year-old Annette Alexander who for the past six months has been adjusting to the whirlwind life which goes hand in hand with top fashion modelling. Another person who takes almost as much pleasure in Annette's promising career is her bank manager father. 'I think we'd better keep quiet about the name of the bank', said Annette. 'It might jeopardise my chances of a loan if I should ever need one.'

Annette's decision to pursue a modelling career instead of followng in father's footsteps wasn't to defy mum and dad. 'I get on great with my parents', said Annette, 'but I'm not cut out for facts and figures. Besides, my dad thinks it's a great laugh my modelling.' Undoubtedly Annette's perfect looks, coupled with some figures guaranteed to attract a high interest, will encourage many more smiles.

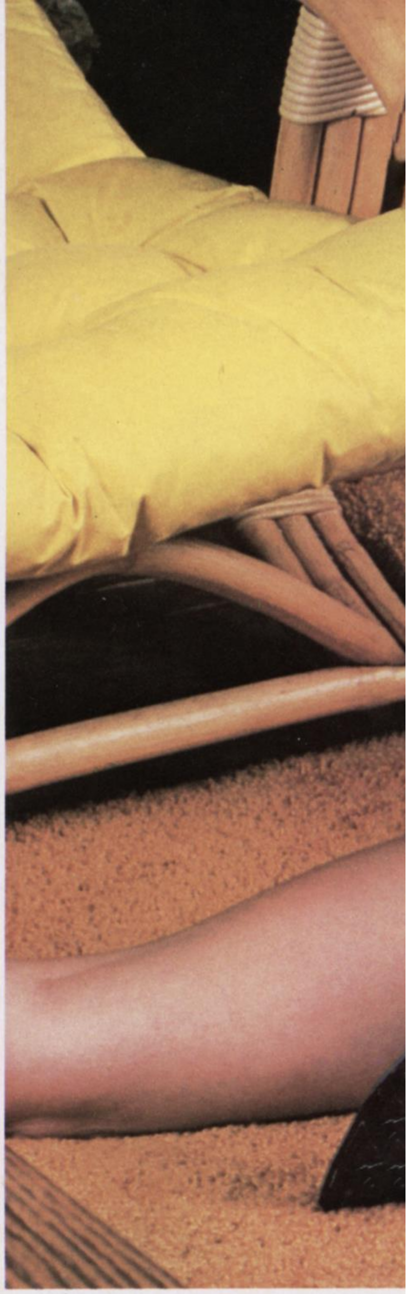
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
ANNETTE ALEXANDER

Marion

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

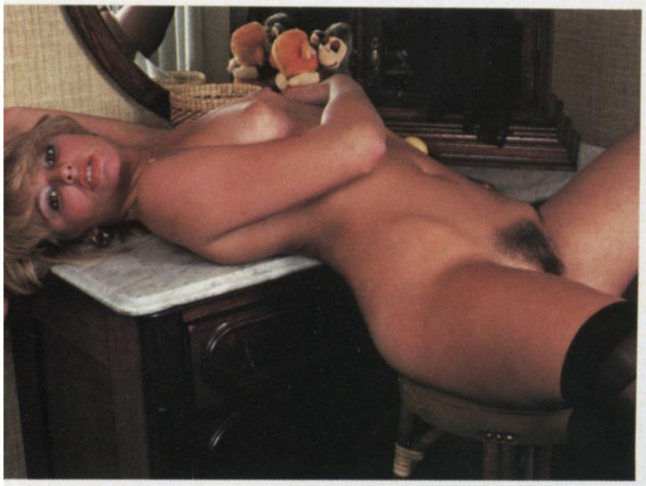
If you ask Marion Paul about her favourite hobby, she'll probably just smile and tell you, 'It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.' But don't get the wrong impression – she's not talking about her delightful 34-25-36 figure, just quoting Duke Ellington. Marion is, you see, a jazz buff and along with Louis Armstrong the Duke is one of her heroes.'I know they were old men before I was born, but the music still seems just as relevant today as it was fifty years ago. Other people my age seem to go in for either punk or disco music, but I prefer my music sweet and hot, like my men,' she giggled. Marion is lucky because she lives in Kingston, not far from the *Grey Horse* which has jazz bands playing regularly. 'You will find me there at least once a week, up near the stage and shaking around to the music. I love the feel of jazz – it's goodtime music.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
ANNETTE ALEXANDER



Marion, 21, who earns her living as an audio-typist, goes to see jazz bands whenever she gets the chance. 'I like talking to other fans, but I am now much more careful about what I say after an incident which really embarrassed me. It happened a couple of years ago when a friend and I went to a jazz festival. A good-looking chap came up to us in the bar and started chatting me up. I was telling him about my favourite bands and said I couldn't stand all that modern jazz because it hasn't got the same swing to it. I was quite strong in my opinions and couldn't understand why my friend kept kicking me under the table. When the chap left, she told me that he was in a contemporary band which had made several records.'

Marion is saving hard to raise the cash for a trip to America in the autumn. 'I want to visit New Orleans which is really the home of jazz. I have heard that many of the bars still have jazz bands playing and I can just see myself sitting in one sipping a mint julep. I'd also like to take a trip on a paddle steamer, along the banks of the Mississippi river.'

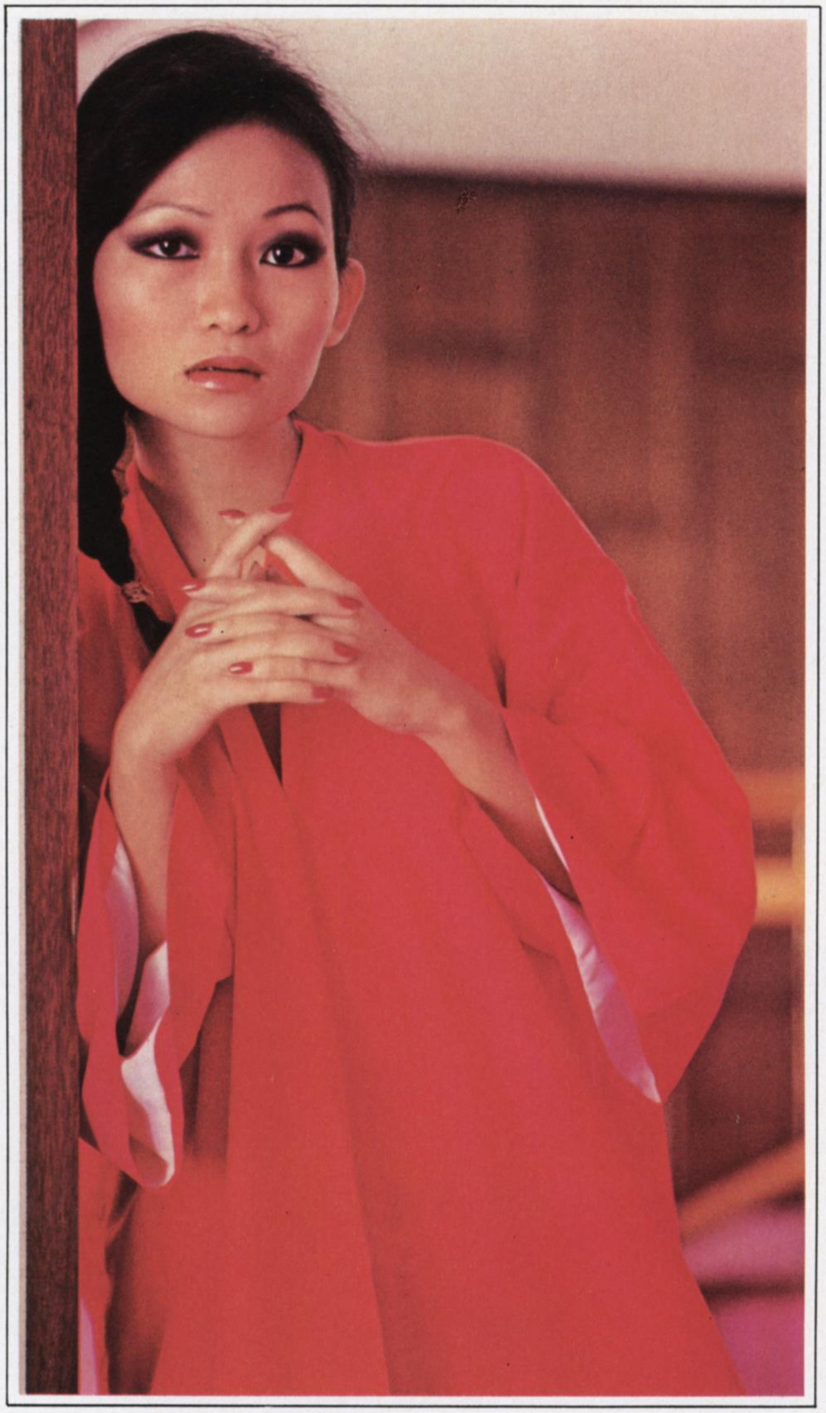


BETH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Cuddly is traditionally a virtue used to describe our more bosomy barmaids or even the more mature woman. It readily suggests a warmth of character and depth of personality. Attributes which handsomely sum up 21 year old Elizabeth Mann, who hails from the fenlands of East Anglia. It's not surprising then to learn that Beth, as she prefers to be called, should choose recreations in keeping with her more outgoing personality. 'I like to think of myself as a sporty type. Hockey used to be my favourite,' she said.

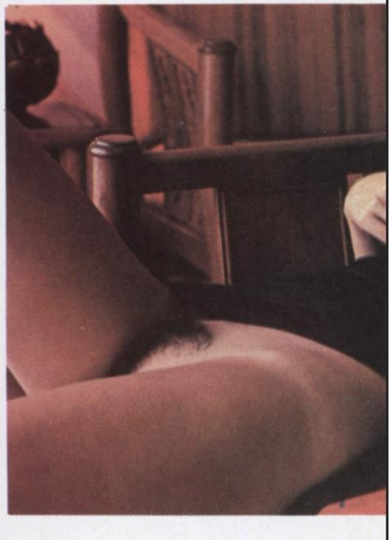
Since moving to London two years ago, Beth has worked in the Wardour Street offices of a film distribution company. 'It might sound glamorous,' says Beth, somewhat regretfully, 'but my job is more filing than filming. Though, I must admit, if I'm lucky I sometimes get to travel up or down in the lift with an actor or director.' Away from the invoices, paperclips and files Beth devotes many evenings to learning the classical guitar. 'I played when I was younger – folk mainly, now I've got to get my fingers back in shape. I want to be able to play properly: a female John Williams one day perhaps. I believe he is a tremendous technician and lately I think I can detect more feeling in his playing. Actually, my modelling fee will come in nice and handy because I've got my eye on this gorgeous guitar in a second hand store near me.' Beth's also a keen disco dancer and can often be seen on Saturday nights at *Tramps* or the *Valbonne* in Kingley Street. Beth freely admits, however, that at least for the present boyfriends must take second place to her other pursuits.



Akiko

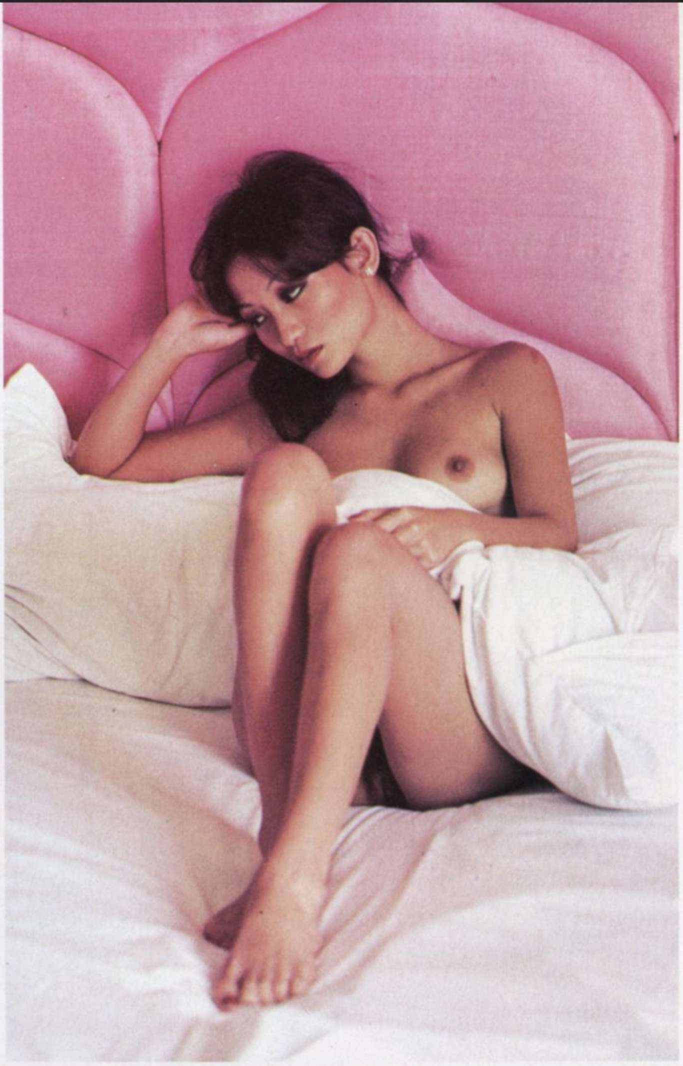
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Siwer Ohlsson is rather partial to fish. They figure almost as much in his water's edge portfolios as they do in his diet. And this is something we should be grateful for, because Siwer's gastronomical yearnings for finned food led him to meet the stunningly attractive 21-year-old Akiko from Japan, currently on a prolonged stay in Britain. 'It's quite a strange coincidence', explained the trim 35-23-34 Akiko, 'that Siwer and I should try to buy a traditional fish speciality at Sushimasa restaurant at the same time on the same evening. But Sushimasa was closed and we ended up facing each other in Matako, another Japanese restaurant in St Christopher's Place, just off Oxford Street, And things just developed from there.'

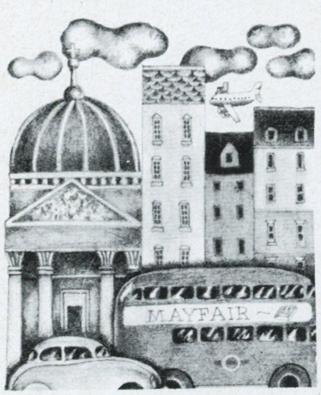


Running through Akiko is an unmistakable streak of rebelliousness. Her family and friends thought she would make the ideal Geisha girl, but instead Akiko took a job in a hi-fi store in Tokyo's fashionable Ginza shopping centre. She then committed the almost unpardonable sin of resigning after a year to blow her savings on a European and American tour. 'It's unpardonable to resign', explained Akiko, 'because when you join a firm in Japan you're there for life, unless you are a woman, then it is normal to leave when you get married even if you don't want children. And being a Geisha is like a girl from your country becoming a nun. It's a very strict discipline to which the Geisha must be long dedicated.'

'Being a Geisha is very honourable', continued Akiko, 'but I don't think Geishas have any personal life, and to me my freedom to go where I want and do what I want is the possession I value most of all. I don't want to give the idea I'm against Japanese traditions. I love Japan, but before I settle down I think it's important to see other cultures.'



SCENE



If names like Dan Dare, Harris Tweed and Riders of the Range stir your blood and bring back memories of your youth then you should try to get along to the Y Hotel in London's Great Russell Street in April. For these names were all characters in the *Eagle* comic and a convention is being held to mark the 30th anniversary of its founding.

The convention will include exhibitions of original artwork, discussions and slide shows. Some of the original writers and artists will also be present including Harris Tweed originator John Ryan and Dan Dare's creator Frank Hampson who will be setting up a mock studio with original models, and a space suit.

Organisers also hope that Graeme Garden, a member of *The Goodies* and an *Eagle* fanatic, will also go along.

Alan Vince, a member of the organising committee, said: 'Myself and some of my friends have always been *Eagle* fanatics so we decided to have this one-off convention. The *Eagle* was a unique type of comic and it had a fantastic readership. We hope to see as many devotees as possible.'

The comic folded in 1969 when it merged with Lion.

The convention will kick off with an evening reception on Friday April 11 and convention days will be the Saturday and Sunday.

We have discovered an unusual book but one which amused us. Called *Dear Sir, Drop Dead!* it is a collection of hate mail. The letters are savage, abusive, cruel and hilarious, communicating just what the writer feels in the frankest terms.

Authors of the letters include Samuel Johnson, the Marquis de Sade, Leo Tolstoy and Elizabeth I. And recipients include Abraham Lincoln, Michelangelo and, of course, British Rail.

One personal favourite was to Warner Brothers from Groucho Marx. The studio had made *Casablanca* and was threatening legal action when they heard the Marx Brothers were planning a film called *A Night In Casablanca.* This is an excerpt:

'I just don't understand your attitude. Even if you plan on re-releasing your picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn in time to distinguish between Ingrid Bergman and Harpo. I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try.

'You claim you own *Casablanca* and that no one else can use that name without your permission. What about "Warner Brothers"? Do you own that too? You probably have the right to use the name Warner, but what about Brothers? Professionally we were brothers long before you were.'

The book is published by Eyre Methuen and costs £4.50.

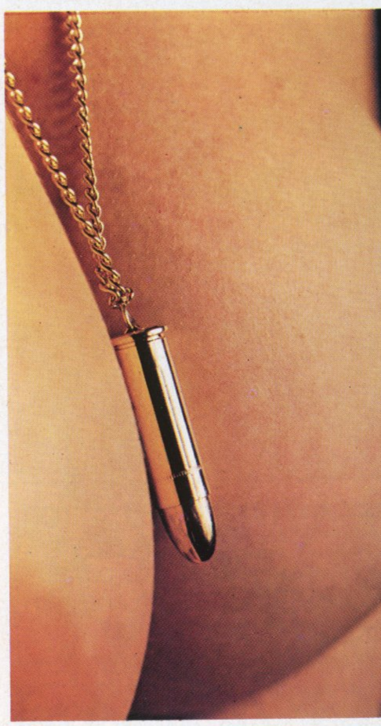
In case you haven't booked your holidays yet this year, we've heard about a new scheme which has just been launched for single people.

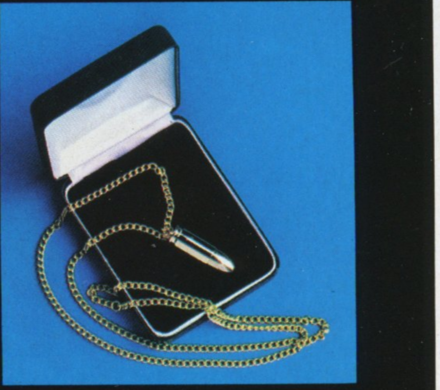
Club One is part of the *Dateline International* group of companies who have had over 13 years experience of catering for the needs of single people with services like computer dating.

The *Club One* centres have been selected for their get-together atmosphere as well as swimming and sports facilities. The club has two centres, one in Majorca and another in Morocco which are both designed to allow guests to mix and mingle as they wish. And unlike other tour companies *Club One* always has hosts and hostesses on the spot.

Events at the clubs vary according to the mood of the moment – swimming, sport, a beach picnic, a trip to a local beauty spot or just lying by the pool. And if someone wants to do their own thing they won't be disturbed. The Club has also planned a series of breakaway weekends throughout the year.

Club One's address is 23-25 Abingdon Road, London W8.





Aim for her heart

It's not often that *Mayfair* agrees to merchandise an item. When we do it not only has to have a unique appeal to our readers, it must also be something of an exceptional value. We believe this Gold-Plated Bullet Pendant fits both of those exacting requirements. For just £6.50 you can purchase a 22 carat gold-plated .38 bullet (left) or a 9mm bullet (right). The .38 bullet has a rimmed edge to its cartridge case. Both of these bullets are supplied with a 22 carat gold-plated chain. These are genuine bullets, as used in .38 Police Special and automatic weapons – only the firing caps and charges have been removed. Each bullet comes in a sateen-lined black presentation box. The price includes packing, post and VAT. Please allow a period of 21 days delivery.

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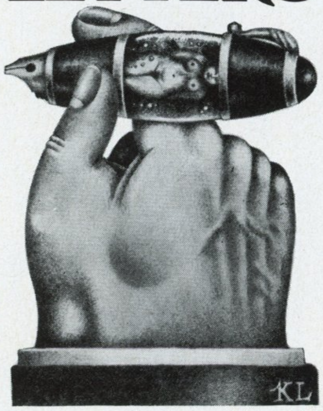
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

It was most interesting to read the article on the Watercress Line in Vol 15 No 1 which focussed on the naming of the locomotive Brian Fisk.

Just one point of detail, however, concerning the locomotive named Errol Lonsdale which also appeared in the article. Major General Lonsdale was the Transport Officer in Chief of the Royal Corps of Transport and not the Royal Engineers as stated. The Royal Corps of Transport was formed in 1965 from the transport elements of the RASC and RE.

As you may know, preserved railway lines are in operation throughout the UK so perhaps you could aim to cover some or all of these in a series of articles in the next few years.

The prospect of reading an article on railways, which you seem to feature regularly, is of course the main reason why I subscribe to your excellent magazine. (That's what I tell my dear wife.)

J B M, BFPO 39

On a recent visit to New Orleans I had a sexual encounter in the world-famous Bourbon Street.

I was accosted by a man selling custard powder, which rather amazed me as this street is of such obvious sexual design. When I remarked on this he told me of the local trend of Custard Mania. Even as he spoke a highly-aroused Texan ran up in an hysterical manner and bought two bags of custard powder. Then he ran into a nearby brothel.

I decided to further my investigation and followed him through the doors, having first armed myself with two bags of the custard powder. Inside I was confronted by a buxom lass who asked if she could help me, so I said I wanted to try the custard treatment. She pointed me at the stairs.

The first door I came to was marked Sago Room, but next door I found paradise. It was a large room and the floor was strewn with empty custard powder packets.

I looked around in amazement. Six tin bath-tubs of antique design confronted me. They were all filled with custard and five of them were occupied by overweight American gentlemen, in various states of ecstasy, being tended by custard-smearers.

The remaining wench approached me and, undressing me with her slippery hands, led me towards the unoccupied bath. I quickly lowered myself into the tub to hide my excitement, and she proceeded to massage various parts of my anatomy with clammy custard, at times teasing me by dangling her breasts into the solution.

Within two hours of this ruthless treatment I had reached the point of no return and reached an amazing climax – custard was for me.

I strongly recommend Custard Mania to other readers, and only wish there were more custard brothels in the UK. By the way, I didn't try the sago but I suppose you can like it or lump it.

J B, Norfolk

We're simply dis'custard' but we're glad you got your just desserts. Next time you try this treatment, drop a tin of fruit into the bath and a packet of jelly, and don't trifle with us.

Two letters on bondage in recent issues have specially interested my wife and myself. So may we add our pleas for more about bondage, and endorse the views expressed that those who practise it are not sadists. If sadists tie up their victims they do it so they can inflict pain. We don't.

Many couples when courting must have experimented with tying each other up and then, like us, found it fun and continued to use it as a variation in their love-making.

It was seeing Peter Pan when I was a kid that set me off. I still have a clear memory of Wendy tied to the mast. A few years later I found a shop with a large supply of old American comics, many of which had covers showing girls tied up. I was hooked.

I suppose it is the innate instinct of man to grab, subdue and carry off his mate. My feelings seem to be a mixture of the Sir Galahad idea of dashing to the rescue of a damsel in distress and mastery over one's mate.

When I have her well-secured, I love watching my wife struggle to free herself, but I also like the suggestion of grace that her movements give, as if she is dancing. And seeing her straining against her bonds makes me think of her straining in orgasm.

I am an extremely lucky man because my wife enjoys bondage. She says it is partly because she likes the feelings of tension and stress on her limbs and partly because when she is secured and completely helpless it gives her the idea of complete surrender to me.

She tells me her most intense orgasms come when she is secured like that and can do nothing to prevent me caressing or tickling her wherever I like. Then I bring her to fulfilment with my mouth.

Surely that does not make us

turn to page 122

CLUB 69
Hoviv

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LETTERS

continued from page 12

abnormal? We think of ourselves as a perfectly ordinary law-abiding couple who both hold down responsible jobs.

We would like you to do a Quest on bondage. Or how about a cartoon series of a detective with a dumb blonde assistant who is always getting into trouble and being tied up. Carrie only gets feebly bound on the few occasions when it happens.

And we ask other readers of similar tastes to stop being shy and write in with their ideas and experiences.

P E, West London

Being a private soldier in today's army I come into contact with many men's magazines but *Mayfair* has to be, for me and most of my mates, the one with a touch of class. Believe it or not even us rough, tough lads of C Company enjoy something with a bit of taste.

We like something to be left to the imagination, and that is what I thought your readers' letters were made up of until I had a recent experience.

About a month ago I was on my way home on leave from Germany with two of my mates. We were in the bar on the ferry chatting to three French girls.

As usual Alfie and Gary began necking with the prettiest two, but the one I was attempting to chat up did not seem really interested. I was disheartened but not surprised because I usually end up on my own when our merry band go out looking for girls.

It was obvious I was making no progress so I left the bar and went for a stroll on the upper deck where I saw a lovely bottom and well-developed thighs bending over the rail. I stood there for a while, watching her bottom as she moved it in rhythm with the rolling waves. Then she seemed to sense my presence and turned round. I saw she was quite attractive, being a blonde with fairly large breasts.

She smiled and approached me, linking arms with me and asking me my name. I told her and then she said in a foreign accent: 'Come with me Harry and see if I can cheer you up. You look so miserable.' She led me to the benches which were all deserted as it was three o'clock in the morning and not the hottest of nights.

But my temperature was rising rapidly as she unzipped my fly and began to play with my penis which was getting hard very quickly. When she ran her tongue all over the end I felt like a king.

Suddenly from the shadows came a black-bearded giant of a man. Her eager tongue left my cock and she said: 'Hello darling, this is Harry. Harry, this is my husband.' I imagined wearing his fist as a gum shield, but he just said: 'Please don't let me interrupt you,' and sat on the bench opposite.

The blonde started back at her task, her husband unzipped his jeans and began to masturbate. I could not hold back any longer and climaxed.

After this they both tidied themselves up and walked off as if nothing had happened. The husband thanked me and that was the last I saw of them.

H H, Münster, Germany

My wife and I have been happily married for over ten years now. In the last couple of years we have both fantasised a lot when making love and we find this a great turn-on.

One of our particular fantasies was my wife being screwed by other men while I watched. This really turned on my wife as well and we would both have a fantastic climax.

My wife, who is 29 and very well shaped, loves to wear sexy underwear, particularly stockings, suspender belt and silk panties.

Some time ago we went out for a few drinks and a meal with the intention of returning home early and making love. My wife wore her white stockings and matching suspender belt with very skimpy white knickers. As she said herself, 'You never know whom we might meet.'

The pub we went to was very crowded, but we managed to get a seat next to two young chaps in their late teens. We got chatting to them and found out they were on holiday from Denmark. Their English was very good.

One of the chaps, Paul, kept glancing at my wife's legs and I realised her stocking-top was showing as she had her legs crossed. I could see he was

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LETTERS

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getting worked up by the bulge in his tight jeans. When the other chap spotted my wife showing a bit of leg he too got worked up. I could see my wife was feeling quite randy and I began to get excited myself at the prospect of her being made love to by these two young men.

After a few more drinks I invited them back for a coffee and they immediately accepted.

When we got home my wife offered them a drink and as she bent down to get the glasses from the cabinet, the lads got a beautiful view of her stocking-tops, suspender belt and white knickers, with the hairs bulging out each side. She was prick-teasing us.

The two lads were acting very nervously and it was obvious they were worked-up and dying to have her. Ellen, my wife, suggested playing a record and she asked Paul to dance. As they lurched around the room she slowly brought her hand down over the bulge in his trousers and opened his fly. His prick sprang out.

The other lad, Joe, jumped up and started kissing my wife's neck while Paul lifted her skirt above her hips. Joe opened her blouse and lifted out her tits and began to suck the nipples.

I removed Ellen's knickers to expose her lovely damp pussy. She began breathing very heavily and all she said was, 'Be gentle, take me easy.'

Paul asked if he could have her first and I agreed. The sight of my wife lying on the floor with her knickers off and two men on top of her was really fantastic.

After Paul had climaxed he changed positions with Joe who was playing with her tits. I climaxed just from watching them.

The two lads returned to Denmark the following morning but not without memories of their holiday in Ireland.

J B, Dublin

I would like to bring up a topic which not only suffers from a complete lack of attention but is shunned and censored. And it is usually treated as a social convention, rather than as a subject of erotica, I'm talking about girls who have hairy legs. One often sees women with hairy legs but their appeal receives no attention in the press. Society pressures women to shave their legs, and it is seen as a touchstone of femininity. But the numbers of women who do not shave their legs seem to be increasing. It is no longer just women past their menopause or the younger set like students. Society is having to change its views.

Mayfair, perhaps unwittingly, is contributing to such a necessary revision. In Vol 15 No 1 Helle has undeniably hairy legs. Her hairs are not just accidental wisps overlooked by infrequent shaving. On the contrary, they are consciously cultivated. Contrasting nicely with her dense clump of black pubes is a subtle but thick garden of wild blonde hairs. They are natural, honest, absolutely beautiful. This is no girlish innocence or political statement of liberation . . . it is organic and at the same time pure kink.

But the real, final grabber here is the whole get-up, capturing her muscular, shapely, hairy legs, accentuated by black stiletto heels. Hairy legs and high heels are admittedly a rather uncommon combination. Yet for pure kink, for the absurdly unexpected, for the rare texture and fantasies of thrusting women, hairy Helle is tops.

I hope this letter will stimulate dialogue on the subject, more hairy photos and liberated erotic ideals.

(Name and address withheld)

My boyfriend, who introduced me to your lovely magazine, told me to write to you on the subject of caning in the office. He said he has never read anything from the victims and as I am one he encouraged me to tell you of my experiences and feelings. In short, I love it but not for masochistic reasons.

I have been working as a salesgirl in the suburban branch of a London store for over three years. Caning of girls in lieu of sacking for a misdemeanour has unofficially been going on there for a long time, as I learned when getting my first hiding. I had pinched a pair of gloves.

A supervisor told me in confidence that previously about one

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LETTERS

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girl in three preferred dismissal to what she regarded as an indignity. But recently they all preferred to take the punishment because they were afraid of not finding other employment. He said that on the whole half of them decided to be dealt with privately while the rest opted for the 'Grand Hallelujah'.

When given this choice for the first time I did not know what it meant, and I was too shy to ask. But I opted for the second, sensing that it was something special. Two days later I knew I had been right.

The non-private 'blessing' as we call it is done in a solemn, almost ritual way, and that is one of the things I adore. Any member of staff can attend and of course all the men do. I had to stand in the centre while a male supervisor ceremoniously undressed my lower parts to music by Handel. He took off my skirt and panties. Then my 'crime' was announced and I had to confess it, with 'hands on precious' (that is not between my legs as you might think; it is my behind). I nodded and said yes when asked whether I wished for the 'blessing of forgiveness by accepting five strokes of the cane'.

The music stopped while I was escorted to the low, broad 'blessing stool', by two young men. They helped me onto it and I had to kneel with my hands on the floor and my posterior sticking into the air.

I am a rather tall girl (five feet ten inches) and so I look slimmer than I really am. There were many 'oohs' and 'aahs' when my behind came fully into view, for it is not only well-rounded but larger than expected. This is one of the moments I cherish most, feeling the eyes of lots of men lustfully centred on me.

I do not like the 'blessing'. It hurts, even if each stroke is accompanied by a 'Hallelujah' on the gramophone. But I think it is worthwhile. When I hear the men's grunts of admiration, I feel like an actress in her great scene. It has also brought me many dates with men who have witnessed my 'blessing'.

From time to time I deliberately provoke a caning, by stealing something in a way which is bound to be discovered. I dress for the occasion by wearing a see-through blouse and taking my bra off when the store closes. And when I am being caned I gradually open my legs a little more after each stroke, so that towards the end there is quite a view.

I lost one boyfriend because of this. He thought my body was his private property and complained about my exhibitionism. My present boyfriend is different. He insists that I give him a full account of each 'blessing'.

Next time he is planning to paint naughty pictures on my bottom, but I don't know if I will let him.

(Name and address withheld)

Beats us how you girls put up with all that caning.

I had a sexual experience I will never forget after a hard day's work recently.

I arrived home hot and badly in need of a shower. My girlfriend was eagerly waiting for me and I managed to coax her into the shower with me.

We began soaping each other inside and out and played with each other until we both climaxed.

Then we lay on the bathroom floor and I slowly entered her, teasing her at first, but finally screwing her properly and satisfying both of us.

Now we shower together every night after work, and after a hard day there is nothing more satisfying than a soapy screw.

T R, Gwent

We've heard the phrase 'coming clean' and now we know what it really means.

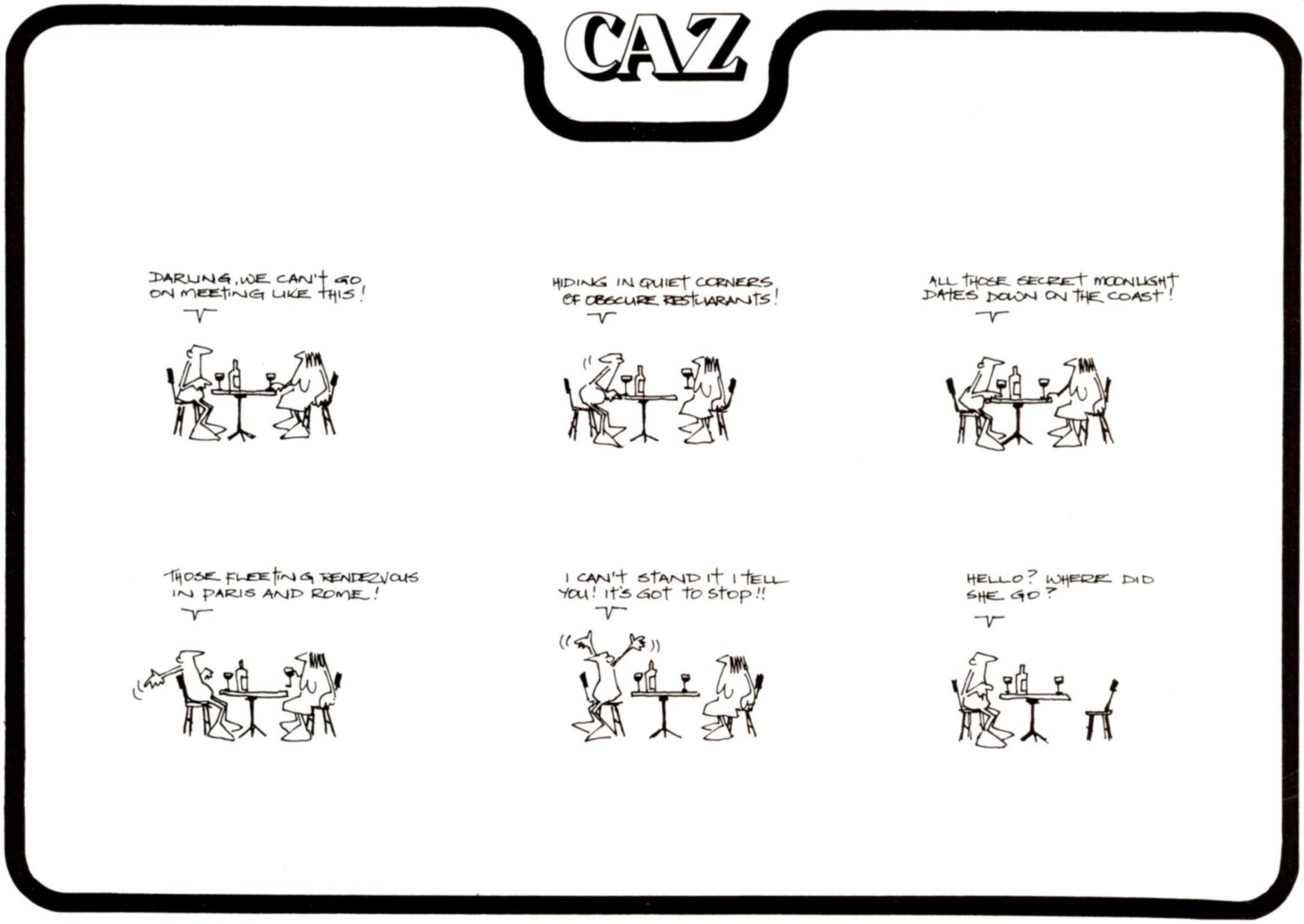
It's not amethysts which act as an aphrodisiac as reader W R claimed in a recent letter.

There's only one thing which I have found is guaranteed to loosen a girl's legs – gin, and plenty of it.

Take my advice, if you really want to get a girl in a position where she can't say no (or anything else for that matter), just fill her full of gin.

(Name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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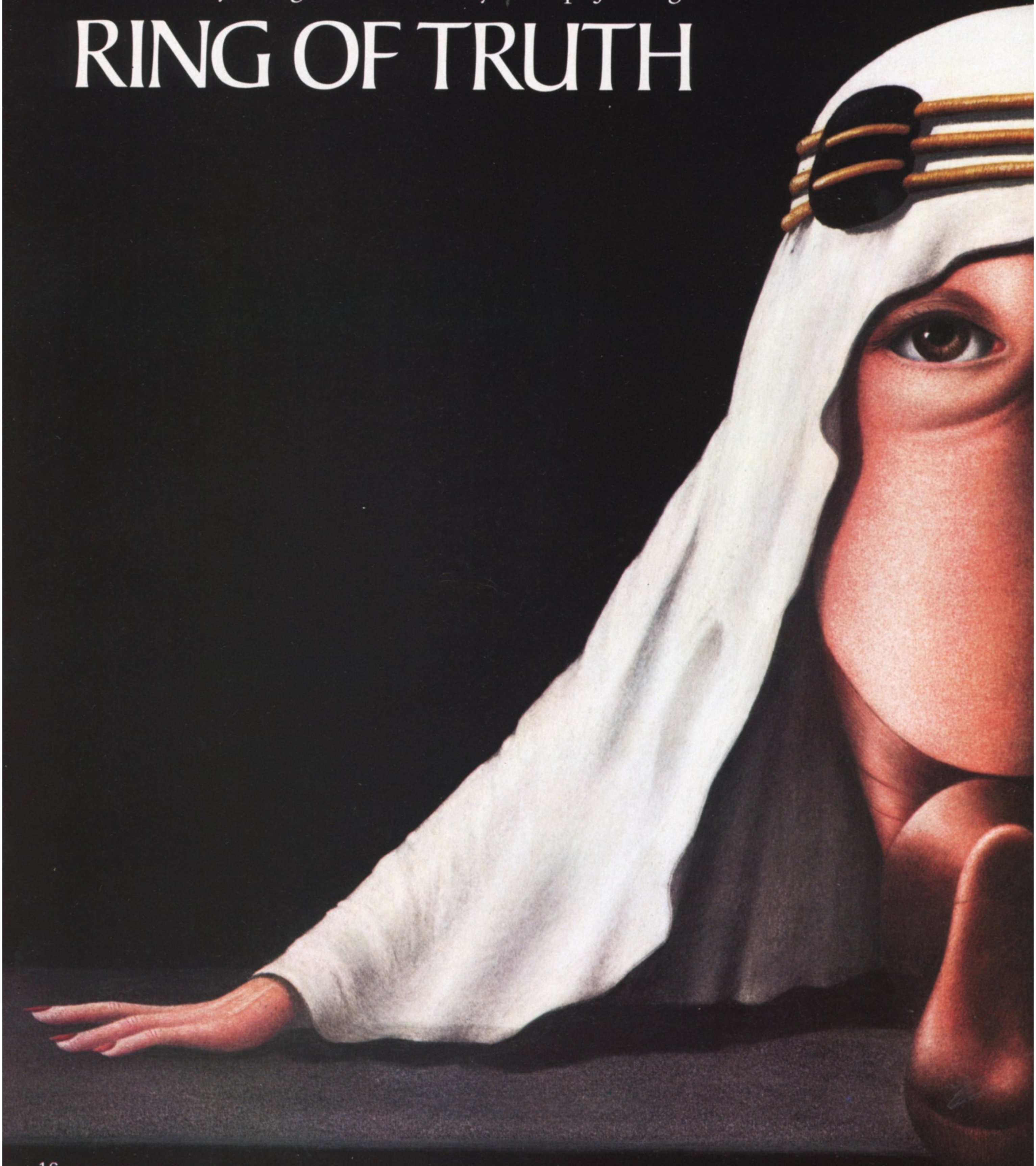
I CAN'T STAND IT I TELL YOU! IT'S GOT TO STOP!!
HELLO? WHERE DID SHE GO?

The stranger stared at the erotic ring and asked where it came from. Luke said: 'An irresistible woman gave it to me. I hadn't wanted a woman so much in years.' The man smiled and said: 'I know, she wants you again.' Fiction by Philip Jennings.

RING OF TRUTH



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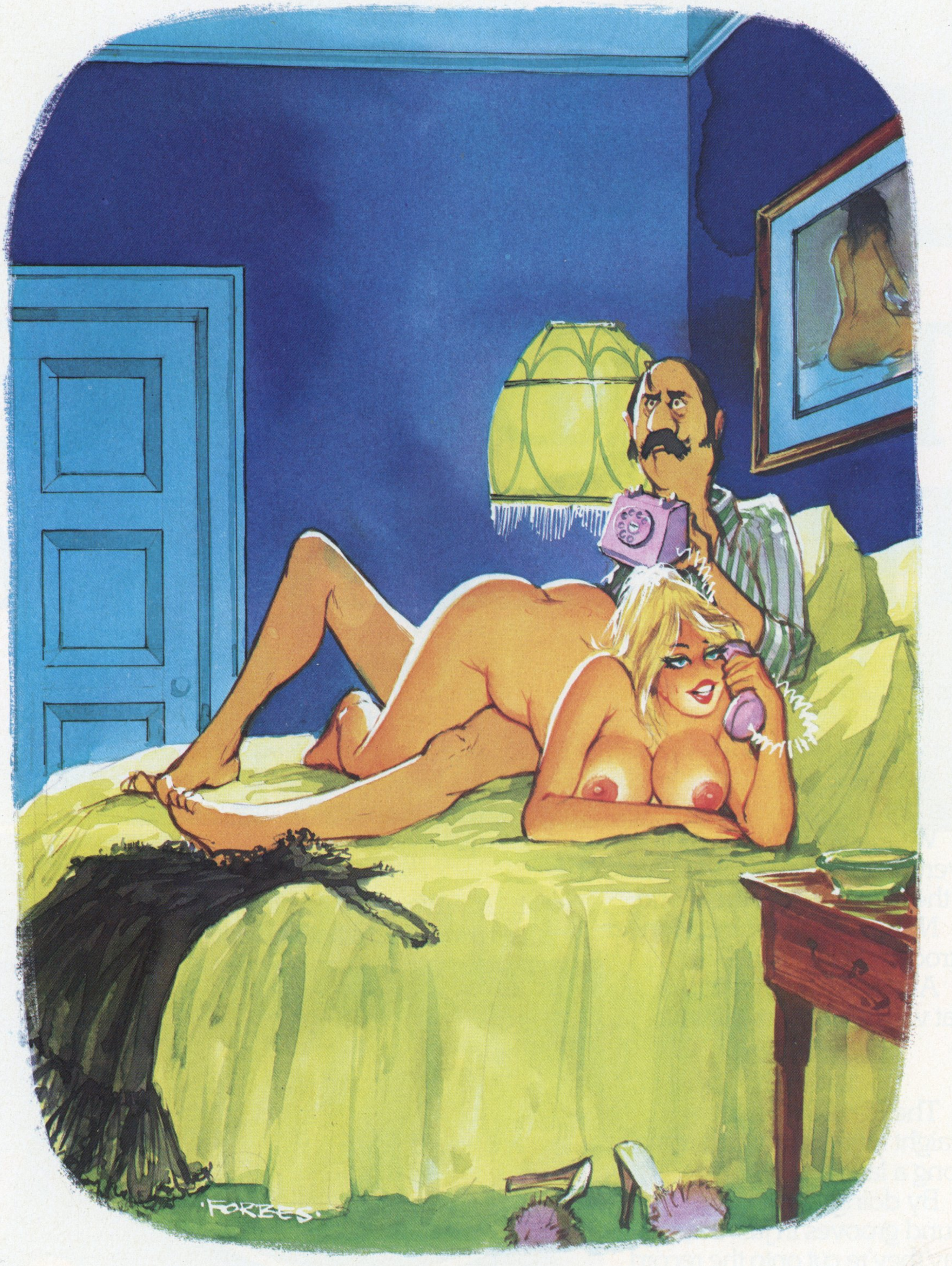


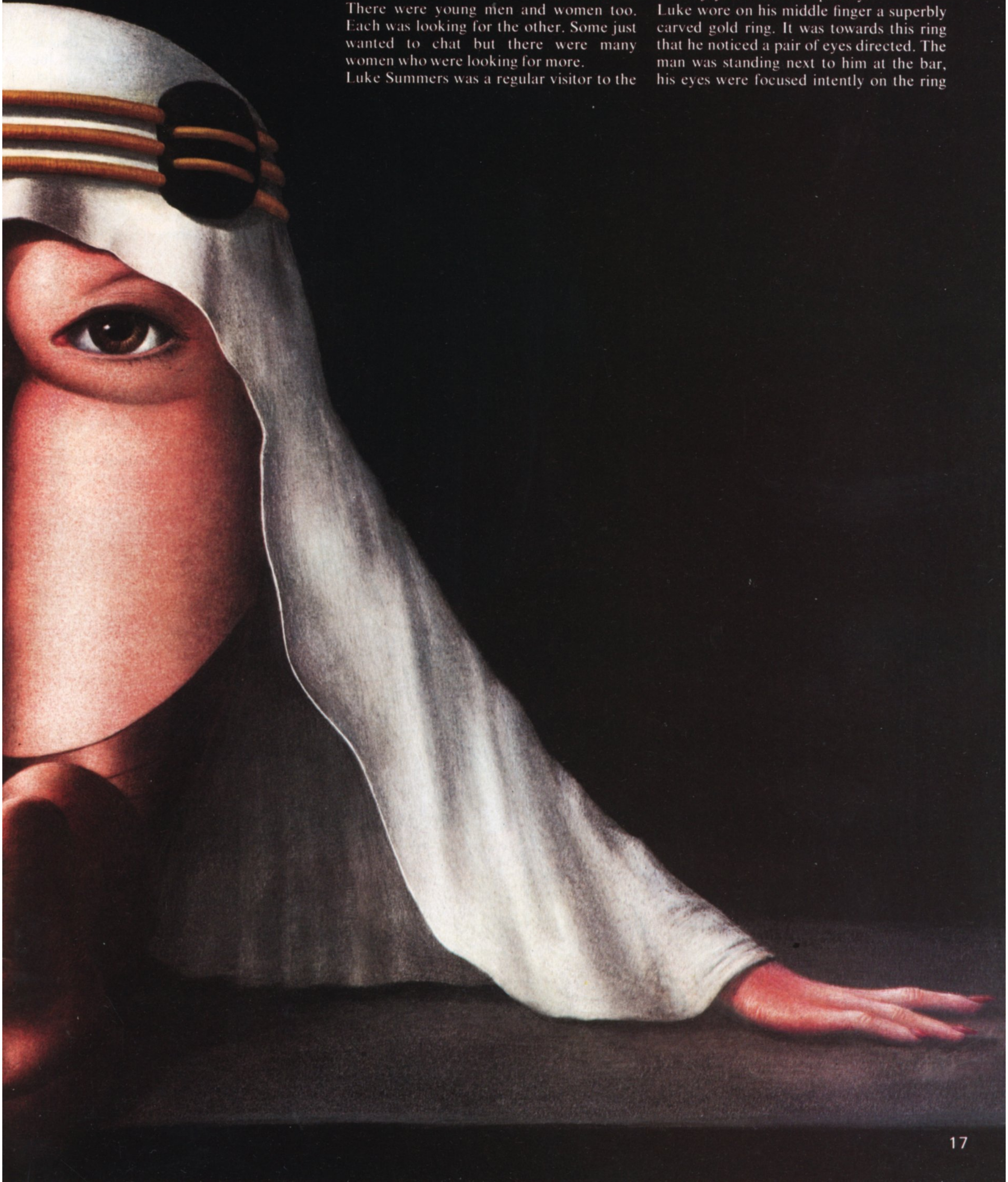
'Harry! I was just thinking about you . . .'

It was that time of the evening when the upper doors of the wine bar were discreetly locked so that the remaining occupants, seated in the music and smoke-filled cellar below, could finish their drinks in peace.

The variety of people in the cellar transcended race, generation-gap and profession. Odd-balls rubbed shoulders with intense and active businessmen. There were young men and women too. Each was looking for the other. Some just wanted to chat but there were many women who were looking for more.

Luke Summers was a regular visitor to the cellar. He was jack-of-all-trades and master of some, a handsome black-haired man with blue eyes, a beard that always seemed about six days growth and a set of two basic principles, the first being that he should survive, the second that he should enjoy the pleasure of the sexual act with beautiful women. He survived adequately and enjoyed women frequently.

Luke wore on his middle finger a superbly carved gold ring. It was towards this ring that he noticed a pair of eyes directed. The man was standing next to him at the bar, his eyes were focused intently on the ring



and the intricacies of its crafted design. 'That's a fascinating ring,' said the man at last, 'I'd like to ask you where you found it?'

Luke smiled. The man was keenly interested in the ring. Perhaps it wasn't surprising. The design on the ring showed a lovely cock in a lovely cunt. The workmanship was so fine that it became at once an erotic piece, a pleasure to look at.

'An irresistible and beautiful woman gave it to me,' Luke said at last. He couldn't forget the night of the ring.

'Go on,' said the man. He seemed so genuinely enthralled that Luke felt almost obliged to supply further details. The incident had happened four weeks ago but it was still uppermost in his mind. He had worn the ring ever since, and contrary to his usual sexual hungers he had remained celibate during this time, choosing only to feast on his memories of that night.

'You said no man could resist her,' the man said and filled Luke's glass. Luke heard himself talking, reliving it all:

'It was a month ago. I was in here alone having a drink. I wasn't feeling particularly sociable. I had a newspaper with me and decided to go sit in the back of the bar by the back exit. No-one usually sits in that part because it seems cut off from the rest of the bar crowd. I stepped into that booth, it's like a little cave really and at first I didn't think anyone was there because the candle on the table was not lit. Then I suppose my eyes adjusted to the dimness and I saw a middle-aged man and a woman whose beauty I couldn't at first accept. Her eyes were dark and almond in shape. It struck me that Cleopatra must have looked like this but as I looked into her eyes through the half-light I saw no queenly arrogance there but instead a sultry diffidence, which if provoked in the right way could be a raging passion. In my instant fantasies I took her on the spot. I hadn't wanted a woman so much in years. I started making apologies and backing out of the booth when the man called me back.

'He spoke softly, there was a trace of accent. "Won't you join us," he said. I noticed they had two bottles of wine on the table and that while he seemed to be drinking, sipping continually at his glass, the woman's glass was full as though she hadn't been drinking. I joined them and he introduced the woman as his wife, Gamela. He said his name was Halim. I shook hands with both of them and probably held on to Gamela's hand for longer than is customary with strangers meeting. Her hand was warm and supple. The nails were manicured and painted artfully. I was drawn in to her mysterious loveliness. She wore a black lace shawl which hung around her shoulders over a black dress which exposed a shapely neck and the beginning of the division of her breasts, which looked full and, in the dress, wrapped like fruits. It soon became clear that the man was more than a little drunk. He spoke a lot about different countries and sometimes sang a little song to himself and laughed quietly. He was obviously wealthy. While he spoke I stole glances at Gamela. For the most part she kept her eyes downcast. Her complexion was all dark honey. I hungered for her. We sat in this way for about half an hour, then Halim suggested that we all go to his house for a nightcap. I accepted the invitation. I was prepared to do anything to prolong my company with the beautiful and silent Gamela. A chauffeur drove us very fast to a flat in St John's Wood.

'Halim was singing to himself as he made drinks for us. He also seemed to be staggering more than a little. Gamela said: "My husband is drunk and happy." I nodded. She was an exquisite picture in the black dress which, although long, showed her figure as she reclined on cushions. The room was warm, luxurious and dimly lit.

'We had another drink and I sat on a cushion looking at an enormous mirror which reflected us, grouped fairly closely together. I could hardly speak in a way. It was as though my lust had put me in another world. I wanted more than anything else to have her. Halim was talking and I was looking at her in the mirror, studying the generous lips and looking as discreetly as possible for the contours of her underwear. After a while Gamela said: "Oh dear." Just like that. I glanced at her. She was looking at Halim. His dark burning eyes had begun to fog over.

'Suddenly he was asleep with his glass in his hand. Gamela sighed:

'"He is often this way. He drinks and then

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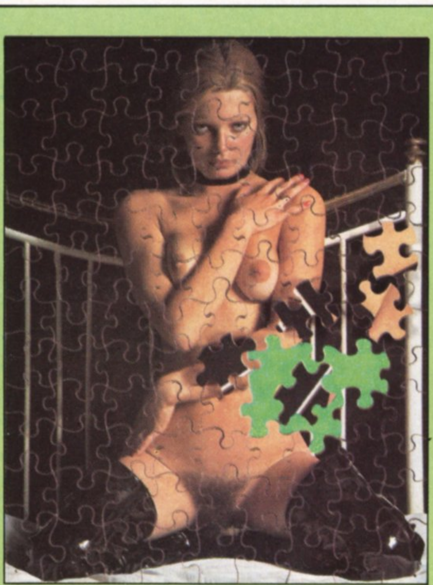

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Ring of truth

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he falls suddenly asleep. Will you help me with him or shall I ring for a servant?"

'"It's not necessary," I said.

'We carried him into a bedroom and Gamela put some covers over him, kissed him dutifully on the lips and then did a strange thing. She removed a ring from his finger.

'We went back into the other room and sat on cushions again.

'"You must excuse him," she said.

'I made light of it. Then I caught a glimpse of the ring on her finger.'

The man Luke was telling his story to smiled now and pointed at the ring on Luke's finger. He nodded.

'It was this ring. I found myself staring at it. I stared at Gamela's beauty and I stared at the erotic design on the ring . . .

'She saw me staring at it and asked if I'd like to examine it. I could hardly say a word because she stood up and came over to me and slipped the ring on my finger. It was a heady moment. I could feel her close to me and I felt intoxicated by a smouldering perfume that hung about her. I examined the ring and I looked at her and I said: "Gamela." She walked away from me then and stood with her back to me, looking at herself in the mirror. I followed her with my eyes. Beneath the dress I saw the roundness of her buttocks, the flare of her hips into her waist, the smooth skin of her shoulder without the shawl. Her hair was black as jet, her skin dark honey. I could restrain myself no longer. I stood up and walked over to the mirror. I slipped my hand in hers and said her name again.

'"Would you abuse my husband's hospitality?"

'I kept my hand in hers. She was talking to herself in the mirror, as though asking herself a question.

'"I wouldn't abuse it," I said, "but I must."

'Her fingers suddenly tightened on my hand.

'"I know," she said, "that's why I gave you the ring."'

Luke didn't go into the sexual details of what had taken place between himself and Gamela with the man at the bar, he just said: 'I've never known anything like it, the way it was between us.' But he remembered it all vividly.

She turned to Luke and his mouth moved through time and space and onto hers. It opened slowly for his tongue and when it was open he searched it exhaustively until hers at last wound and rolled around his. He broke the kiss off and looked at her then. She was breathing so heavily that she seemed to be panting. 'Gamela,' he said, and slipped his hand into the front of her black dress. His fingers slipped down the full smoothness of her breasts and he found the miracle of the nipple, swollen and hard. He continued to squeeze and stroke her like that while she moaned. With his other hand he suddenly released himself from his trousers, at once exposing himself to her. She looked down through languorous eyes. It strained out towards her. She saw Luke's hand move up and down in a movement that was one of self love and urgent need for her.

'You make my wetness begin,' Gamela said. Luke made a sound like a moan and a grunt. She drew back from him and pulled her long black dress up until her naked legs and thighs were exposed. Luke licked them. He rubbed his cheeks against the soft insides of her thighs and Gamela, holding her dress up around her waist, opened her legs a little wider as she felt the man's tongue trace around her small white panties into the part where the buttocks begin.

'Take them off, Luke,' she murmured.

He broke them at the side and pulled the fragrant piece of silk aside.

Immediately Luke buried his face, bit at her venus mound and felt the black hairs and the softness of her flesh beneath. His hands went through her legs to feel her from behind, then to cup her buttock cheeks and bring her to his mouth. He brought her to the floor like this, his head between her legs, his mouth on her. He found her smell, her deep woman's smell, an essence.

Gamela's smooth fingers reached down for him, pulling him over her so that his legs rested on either side of her head. She eased his clothing so that he was fully exposed. She adjusted his genitals over her mouth so that she could reach all of him with ease. She took him in a warm supple hand and introduced him slowly into her mouth, licking, kissing and moistening the dome head before pulling its length across her lovely lips and deep into the back of her mouth. For a moment she held him like that, then both their bodies began to move. He didn't at first want to come like this. He lifted his face from her, a practical decision in the middle of passion:

'I must get my things off.'

She released him from her mouth but not from her hand. She pulled on its length, marvelling at its softness and hardness.

When he was undressed and Gamela had pulled her breasts free from a small white bra and shucked off her dress, he held her legs open, feasting his eyes for electric moments on the golden tapering of her legs and the depths of her thighs and the lower mouth that waited to be filled. He groaned like an animal or a man possessed. 'Yes,' she said. 'Yes.' He brought himself to her, over her, funnelling his enormous sex head between her parted lips. There was a little resistance. He withdrew himself slightly and went in again, feeling slowly the lips swelling and moistening around him. He

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Ring of truth

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went in again, almost to the extent of himself, the passage was clear, Gamela cried out, not with pain at the depth of his penetration but for the rest of him, he sank his full length in her, grasped her moistening bottom between his hands and went into her again and again. She moved with him in her own worlds of private and shared passion. There were no words between them, only noises and sounds, abandoned guttural and honeyed sighs, until Gamela's voice broke open:

'Oh fuck me hard now ... I'm coming. Give me it ...'

He poured into the convulsions of her orgasm. He felt it again and again, long spasms of relief and ecstatic pleasure. He cried out loud like the very first man in the world.

Afterwards when they unjoined their bodies, Gamela said:

'I needed to do that. It has been so long since I've felt the penis inside me.'

'What about your husband?' Luke said.

She shook her head:

'We mustn't talk about him. He is a good man in his own way. I would do anything for him. He is my husband. I don't want to leave him.'

Luke smiled and passed his fingers around her sex and through the black brush of her pubic hair. This was a beautiful woman with her own morality, faithful to her husband except in sex. He fingered her until her moans aroused him to erection again and he took her from behind as she lay across an enormous golden cushion, nearly the same colour as the velvet of her skin.

'What happened then?' persisted the man.

Luke shook his head ruefully. 'I must have fallen asleep. Gamela was shaking me, telling me I had to leave, her husband was stirring. I dressed like the wind. Then I was at the door. "When again?" I moaned. A door slammed in the house. "Please," she said, "You do not know me." "Please give me the chance," I whispered. I heard Halim calling Gamela and I ran out of the house and walked in the street until I found a black cab. At home I could hardly believe the whole thing had taken place except for one thing, I still had the phallic ring on my finger.'

The men, Luke and his one man audience, sighed together.

'So you really want to see her again?' the man asked after a while and after he had refilled their glasses.

Luke looked at him carefully. The man looked just a little familiar somehow. He wished he hadn't spoken at such length on something that had been so intimate and private. Wasn't it obvious that he was dying to lie again in Gamela's arms and feel her body churning on him, milking at his strength?

The man grinned and clapped Luke on the back.

'You don't recognize me out of my chauffeur's uniform do you? I drove you to Sheik Halim's pad, the missus has sent me to dig you out and take you back there, if you're willing. From the sounds of things and the look on your face, you probably don't even want to finish that glass.'

In the back of the car, Luke questioned the back of the chauffeur's head.

'You seem to know everything that's going on?'

'That's right,' he said, 'I know everything that's going on. I've been loyal and faithful to the Sheik and his missus for a good few years now. Loyal and faithful!'

The chauffeur started laughing to himself, then chuckling almost secretly. Luke had recovered from his surprise now but instead of things becoming clear to him, he suddenly felt he had been drawn into something, something he didn't quite understand. He heard again in his mind's ear, Gamela whispering to him at the door: 'You don't know me.' Perhaps tonight there would be more time. The Sheik would not be at home. He could find out more about her, get to know her so that she would accept his visits on a more regular basis. He had become heavily infatuated with her mystery. He needed her again.

'Just go straight through,' the chauffeur said. 'She's waiting for you.'

He left Luke at the open door of the flat, whistling as he left, as though to hide a grin that was mushrooming across his face. Luke touched the ring on his finger and entered the apartment.

Gamela was waiting for him in a short white shift. He kissed her and felt with his hand that she was naked underneath.

'You came,' she breathed into his ear, 'I've needed you.'

'Why did you wait so long?'

'My husband, he's been away ...'

'Away, then surely we could have been together?'

'Ah Luke,' she said. 'Don't question me now. It's better that you don't know me.'

She brought him out from the front of his trousers and kneeling on a cushion in front of him she stopped the flow of her words with the length of his hardening phallus. He groaned and saw his face, contorted with pleasure, reflected in the big mirror to which she had brought him. He touched the richness of her hair and the softness of her cheeks swollen with his hardness. In the abandonment of his pleasure, however, he found he could not stop his mind working ... Gamela would not leave her husband, she hadn't seen Luke when he had been away, the ring she had taken from Sheik Halim's hand, he must have wondered what had become of it, he must have known ... Gamela was sucking him hard now as though in a frenzy.

At that instant Luke cried out loud as understanding and orgasm jockeyed for position in him. The truth spurted! Gamela was faithful to her husband in every way! The chauffeur knew and enjoyed the game! Loyal and faithful!

Even at that most urgent of moments Luke suddenly realized the nights in the wine bar had bred in him a certain resilience, acceptance and amorality. It didn't matter now, or perhaps ever, that as he made love to Gamela, the faithful wife, there burned behind the two-way mirror the impotent eyes of Sheik Halim.

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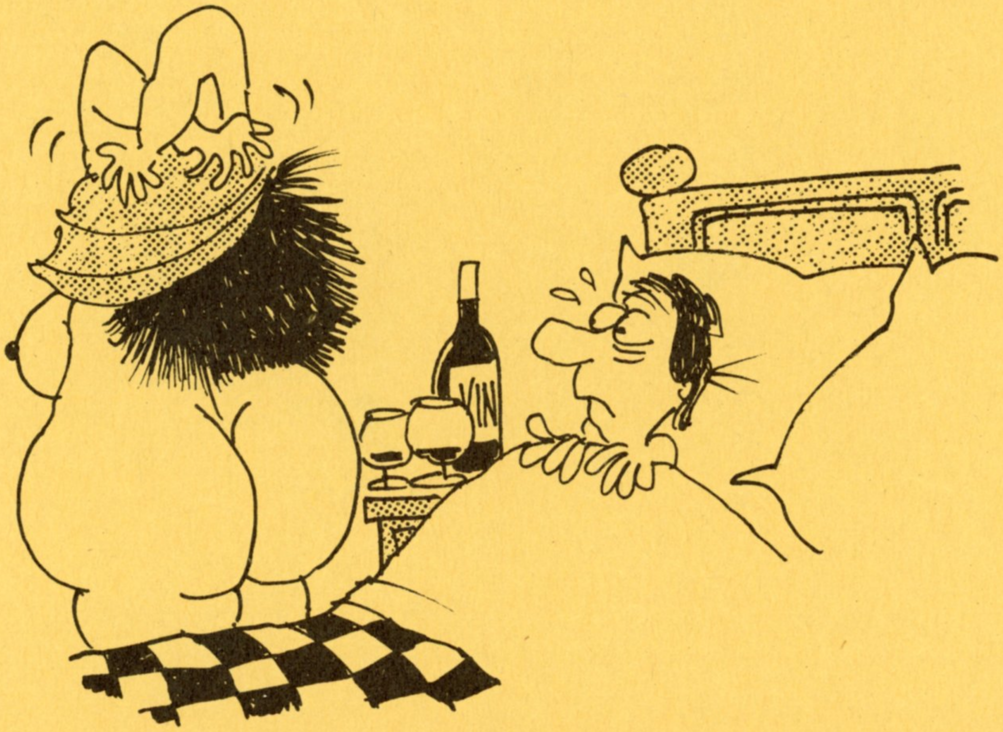
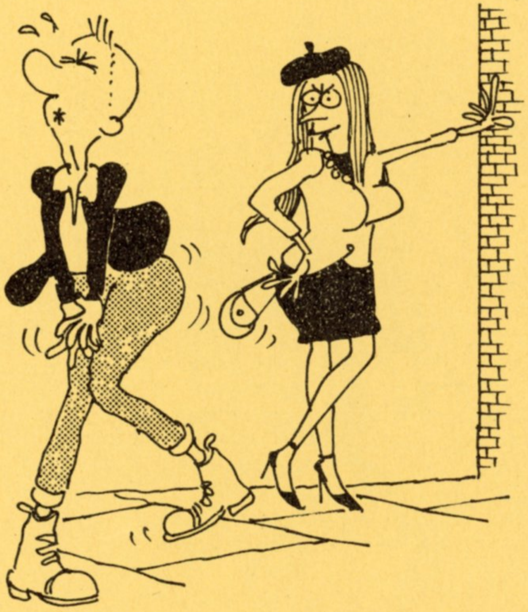


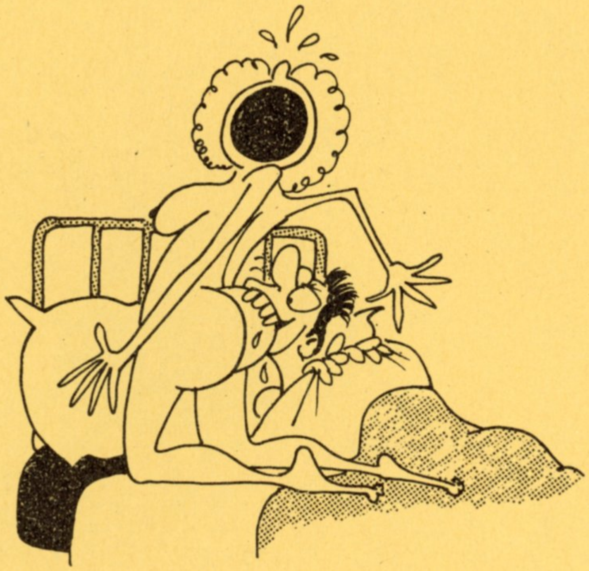
Je ne sais quoi: I don't know what; indescribable.

LESSONS IN FRENCH

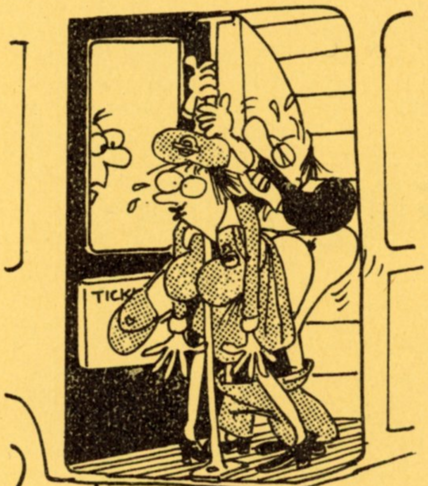
Cartoonist Peter Maddocks
presents his own bawdy guide to
basic French phrases



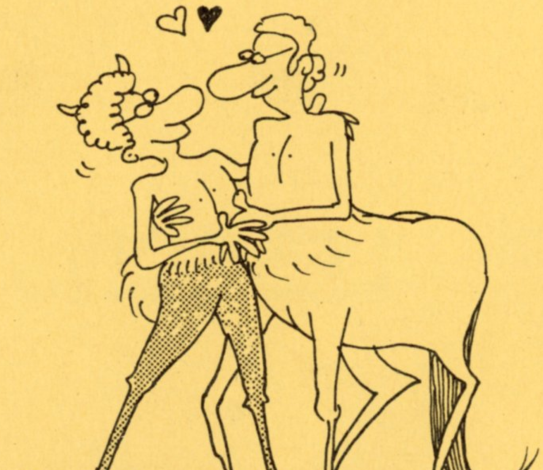
Hors de combat: Out of action; disabled.



Cachet: Distinguishing mark.



Force majeure: Irresistible compulsion.



Chacun à son goût: Each to his own taste.

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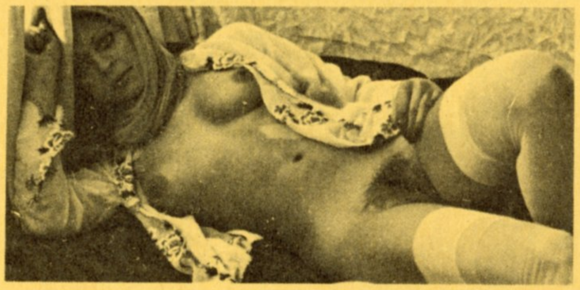

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

The latest album from Janis Ian, **Night Rains** (CBS), marks a return to the quality of music she showed on the single *Seventeen* and the album *Between the Lines* in 1975; her albums since then have only hinted at her talent. Instantly likeable, well produced by Ian and Ron Frangipane with excellent piano work on *Memories* and beautiful harmonies on the title track, the eleven songs here present a more mature – she's recently married – and more sophisticated woman emerging, no longer preoccupied with lost youth and chances.

Janis shares credits on one cut, *The Other Side of the Sun*, with Albert Hammond, and two, *Fly Too High* and *Day by Day* with the ubiquitous Giorgi Moroder.

I particularly liked *Photographs* which in two and three-quarter minutes demonstrates all Miss Ian's best qualities. The album doesn't tell you as much about Janis as her previous ones, but then too much introspection was never a good thing. But a good thing this album certainly is.

Chicago give us what could be termed the 'big band sound' on **Street Player** (CBS) and another splendid album cover. However, this did not compensate for my disappointment in the contents. The trumpet is used too often and too loudly for my taste and the only track which caught my ear was *Loser With a Broken Heart*, written by Peter Cetera.

The Sutherland Brothers have lost their Quiver on **When the Night Comes Down** (CBS) but appear none the worse for it. They do sound like they are in the arms of Mary though – especially when they persist in writing and performing songs like *First Love.* Nevertheless the album is well put together with good harmonies and nice instrumental and guitar work. *Easy Come, Easy Go* is an obvious single choice, but all in all easy listening is what this album is – nothing more.

The dedication on Little Feat's **Down on the Farm** (Warner Bros) 'Produced by Lowell George . . . with a little help from his friends' could mean the Percy Edwards-style impressions before the first track, but I think he needed a bit more help to produce such an intriguing album. This is a tuneful blend of country rock and the laid-back West Coast sound popularised by The Eagles.

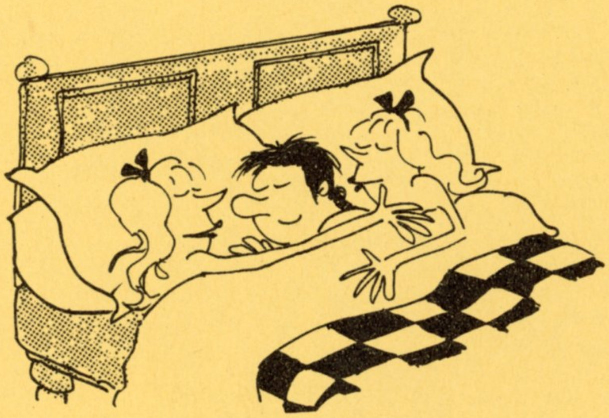
All nine tracks are worthy of mention, especially the five that Lowell George himself had a hand in – *Six Feet of Snow* and *Be One Now*, for example.

Ask anybody in their twenties or thirties who they consider to be the world's greatest band and the answer is likely to be The Beatles.

But it is about ten years since new Beatles material was released and one begins to wonder if nostalgia hasn't exaggerated their talent and originality. The answer is a definite no as **Rarities** (EMI) proves. It is a compilation album of B-sides of various singles, EPs and tracks which appeared in albums in America but were never released over here. Also included are the German versions of *She Loves You* and *I Want To Hold Your Hand.* The tracks might be rare, but they are up to the usual high standard and this album comes as a breath of fresh air after some of the weird trends we have had to put up with in recent years. The vocal harmonies are superb, the songs memorable and the arrangements highly original. It's not until one listens to an album like this that one realises how good The Beatles were and how much we miss them. No Beatles fan should be without this record in his collection and with no less than 17 tracks it is certainly excellent value. Long live The Beatles.

The Pythons must be feeling paranoid at present. Their latest epic **Life of Brian** (Warner Bros) seems to have been misconstrued as a slur on the life of JC (yes, John Cleese). With a tumultuous score reminiscent of The Best of Shirley Bassey crossed with the theme from a James Bond spectacular, we learn of the sad, heart-warming, tragic tale of Brian Cohen and the People's Front of Judea.

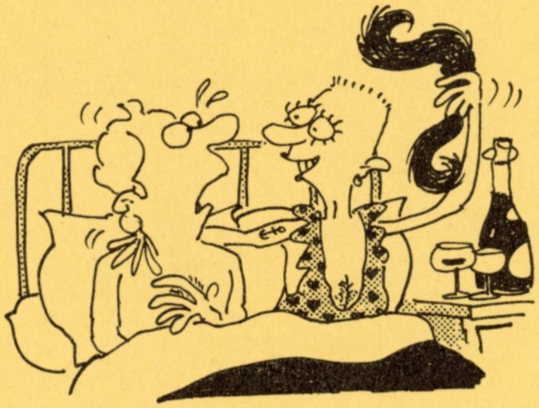
The soundtrack finishes with a swingalong – 'Always look on the bright side of death . . .'. A must for Python fans.



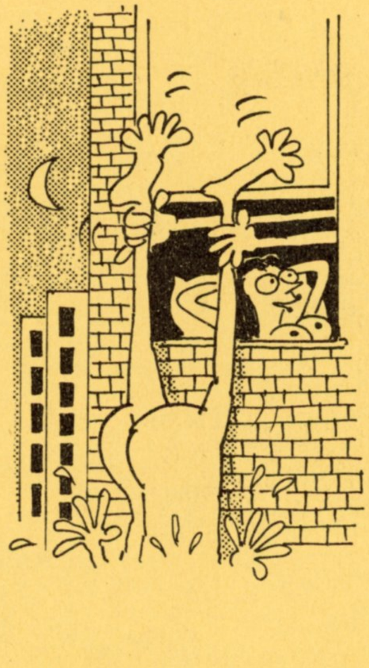
Au courant: Fully acquainted with.

Mot juste: Exactly the right word.

Dérangé: Out of order.



Faux pas: A blunder.



De trop: Not wanted; in the way.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Memorandum from Arthur Pottersman to the Department of Sexual Technology: I have read the manual, may I now drive the car?

Memorandum from Department of Sexual Technology to Trainee Pottersman: Your application has been received, but we feel the rather frivolous wording indicates you are not yet prepared for all the commitments the state requires of citizens who wish to practise sexual relations. However, as this appears to be your fourth request in three days a favourable reply will be given to your next request – provided you pass the written examinations.

So I took the written examinations, having read the manual once again to be certain of passing the most important test of my life.

The above official exchange of letters took place in April 2080. It took a century for **The Complete Book of Sexual Love** by Stuart and Susan Holroyd to become first acknowledged as a useful source of information, then a vital reference work, and finally as a text book used not only in schools, but as the only authorised source from which normally sexually active citizens could gain their Certificates from the Department of Sexual Technology – rather like, in the days of petrol-driven motor cars men and women had to pass the 'driving test' before the state would let them handle a car in public.

When the book was originally published in London, by Aldus Books (£10.95) and joined the *Mayfair* Book Society – see opposite page – it was greeted with ribald rejection by the sort of people who had only experienced the missionary position for sexual intercourse, washed their feet in the bidet, and imagined that women were turned on by pictures of muscular young men with large endowments.

Thanks to the Holroyds, however, the modern boy and girl knows precisely what women do prefer in sexual partners: small buttocked, slim men, with flat stomachs and tender eye expressions.

So much better for eugenics, it is generally agreed. Though quite where that leaves the kind of woman who actually does prefer muscular men with large endowments, the Secretary of State for Sexual Desire has not yet been able to report to Parliament.

However, the Secretary was able to persuade members of Parliament that as breast feeding was shown by Masters and Johnson to lead to actual orgasm in a statistically viable proportion of nursing mothers the practice ought to be made compulsory in public places.

The mechanical advantages that society has been able to enjoy since the Holroyds tabulated literally hundreds of facts and figures about the human sexual performance will probably not be appreciated until the evolutionary advances forecast today are actually produced in the 22nd century.

For example, as a result of their pointing out that no more than eight or ten per cent of erect phalluses are completely upwardly vertical, remedial physical training courses were put in hand as long ago as 1981. The new generations of tall women look forward with pleasure and anticipation to the beneficial results in about six generations' time.

And of course, the revelation that the fastest male orgasm ever recorded took place just three seconds after tumescence revolutionised the Sex Olympics – which, as historically-minded readers will recall, replaced the athletic version in the late 1900s.

And girls' schools throughout the country now gain 100 per cent pass rates in female masturbation, thanks to the Holroyds' precision in establishing the six preferred ways for a woman to achieve auto-erotic release: Forgetful readers will be glad of them here for the record:

1 Stimulation of clitoris and inner vaginal lips with two fingers.
2 Rubbing the outer lips.
3 Crossed legs and rhythmic thigh pressure.
4 Simulating coitus while lying on back or stomach.
5 Stimulating the nipples.
6 Vaginal penetration.

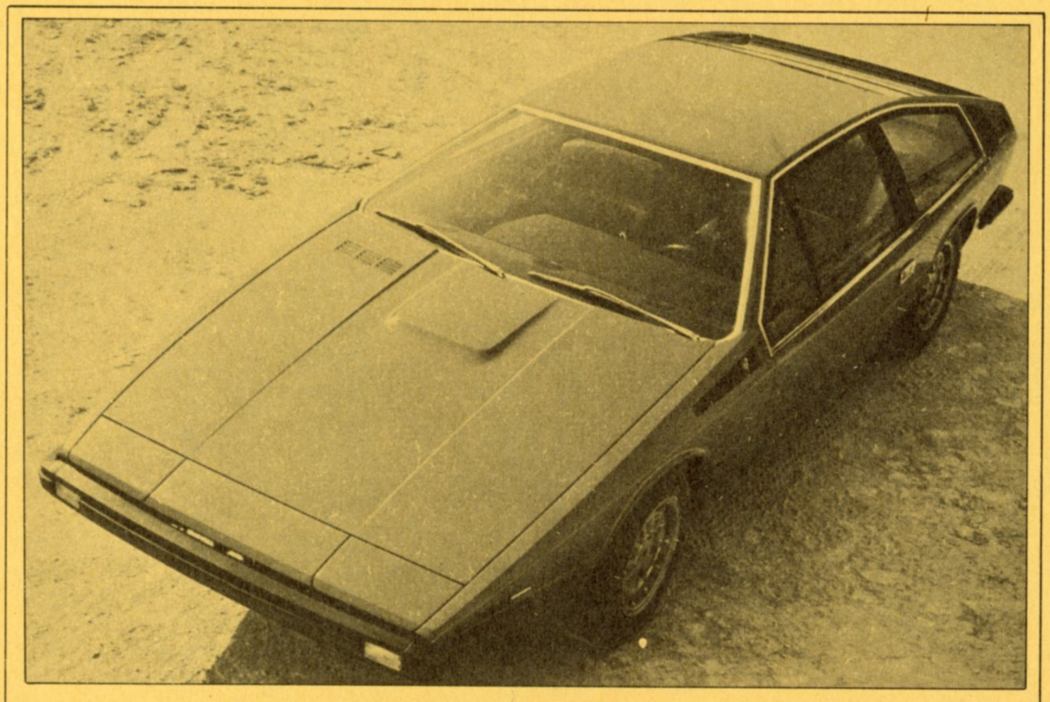
However, it is with a deep sense of failure that the new Minister for Erotic Industries will have to report to the House next week that the attempt to produce a viable, pleasurable replica of the vagina is no nearer success today than when the Holroyds' book was originally published.

Although computer analysis demonstrated that there are no less than 3,780 different positions for sexual intercourse, monotony was still the single biggest reason for sexual failure in marriage. This may have accounted for such bizarre facts as that 21 per cent of American women had trained their dogs to lick their genitals. It almost certainly explained the statistical phenomenon that marital intercourse provided well under half the orgasms of adult America in the late 20th century.

The Holroyds gave examples of how to avoid such monotony – including preparing the woman by inserting condoms full of ice cubes into her vagina shortly before intercourse.

The theory, put into practice by certain yogi cultists, that one of the most soothing experiences known to 'man' was for the male to lie with his penis at rest within the female for as many hours as possible led to unprecedented surges of volunteers for military service when the technique was made compulsory for all non commissioned officers in the early years of the 21st century.

However, the further theory that making love was not a useful method of weight control as it involved only about 150 calories' use was dismissed late in 1980, when fifteen skeleton-thin pairs of active lovers explained their weight loss by saying: 'we don't eat at all when we're actually on the job'.



The gleaming sleek aerodynamic Maserati two-door coupé by Ital Design, above, is one of the superb illustrations – many in full-colour – in 'Maserati Road Cars', published by Osprey, £14.95, and written by Richard Crump and Rob de la Rive Box. The definitive book of the marque, 'Road Cars' details Maseratis from 1946–1979 with individual specifications from brochures, orders and invoices.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡ **Bad Timing** (X), 2 hrs. Disgruntled American psychoanalyst Art Garfunkel sprawls on a bed beside his blonde, beautiful and now comatose mistress (Theresa Russell), cuts away her bra and pants with a penknife, strips himself and launches himself upon her. This moment of near-necrophiliac bliss – the lady has taken an overdose – is the bizarre and highly explicit climax to a passionate love affair which has little to recommend it but the passion: Miss Russell begs Garfunkel to 'Fuck me' frequently, complains about her itchy pussy and has violent sex on an apartment block staircase. Tigerish, promiscuous and independent, she meets and seduces Garfunkel in Vienna where she is a student and he lectures. Since he is smooth, intellectual but undeniably wet, he's soon out of his depth and only gains a sexual victory when their relationship has driven the girl to the edge of suicide. Directed by Nicolas Roeg – who made the excellent and equally explicit *Don't Look Now* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth* – it's a clever, complex film that is beautiful to look at but badly flawed by an unoriginal plot and unsympathetic characters.

***♡ **Apocalypse Now** (X), Version 1: 2 hrs 21 mins. Version 2: 2 hrs 33 mins. During the Vietnam war Captain Ben Willard (Martin Sheen) travels into the Vietnamese hinterland by river with orders to 'terminate with extreme prejudice', i.e. kill, a renegade Col Kurtz (Marlon Brando) who is waging an illegal and brutal private war in Cambodia. A brilliant nightmare vision of a bizarre war – American servicemen water-ski behind their river patrol boat (incidentally swamping a passing sampan); a strutting, stetson-wearing Air Cavalry commander (Robert Duvall) destroys an enemy-controlled village because it faces the best surfing beach in Vietnam; and when three hot-panted *Playboy* centrefolds put on a go-go dance display at a remote jungle base the isolated soldiers unsurprisingly attempt a mass gang-bang – the film continually strains for a wider and often confusing significance: a confusion indicated by its *two* alternative endings. A 70mm version with no credits ends quietly; a 35mm version, seen in local cinemas, ends with an explosive air attack. Extremely powerful but don't expect a thrill-a-minute war adventure.

***♡ **Star Trek – The Motion Picture** (U), 2 hrs 12 mins. Ten years after the popular SF TV series ended, the crew of the starship *Enterprise* boldly go on to the cinema screen as Earth's last ditch defenders against a fast approaching and hostile alien spaceship so vast that it can house whole planets within itself. Captain – now Admiral – Kirk and company are overshadowed, and the pace of the story slackened, by some awesome special effects – as well they might be since the team responsible separately worked on *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars*. But for an earthier touch there's always sleek and leggy Persis Khambatta to look at.

***♡ **Rising Damp** (A), 1 hr 36 mins. Leonard Rossiter is the magnificently seedy landlord of an even seedier London boarding house, forever lusting after the spinsterish Miss Jones (Frances de la Tour), and plagued by two male tenants, black medical student Philip (Don Warrington) who claims to have 12 wives at home in Africa and sexually naive John (Christopher Strauli) whose attempts to strip an attractive and nasal girlfriend (Carrie Jones) for 'art studies' invariably end in disaster. Derived from the successful TV series, it's sharp, funny and very entertaining.

***♡ **The Rose** (X), 2 hrs 14 mins. Bette Midler is an American singer/entertainer with a distinctive nose, a large personality and an extremely pneumatic body: all figure to devastating effect in this portrait of a Janis Joplin-like female rock singer in the 60s whose professional and private excesses destroy her.

On August 21, 1614, the nightmare that had culminated in the brutal torture and violent death of nearly 650 girls – all young, virginal and desirable finally came to an end. After three and a half long years of solitary imprisonment walled up alive in her room at Csejthe Castle on a bleak mountain top in the Lesser Carpathians, Countess Elisabeth Báthory, one of the few 'genuine' vampires in history, died without hope of clemency in a room as dark and dank as the psyche of its sole prisoner.

The Hungarian noblewoman, born into the very highest echelons of Eastern European aristocracy in 1560, was endowed with what her contemporaries regarded as an unforgettable, haunting, sullen beauty, a keen intellect, and a passion for the erotic attentions and the blood of young women.

Condemned by her own cousin Lord Thurzó, the Grand Palatine of Hungary, and by King Matthias II to spend the rest of her life imprisoned in solitude, the

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARE MELINSKY

The Vampire Countess

It surely is the most incredible murder story of all time. Documents show that nearly 650 virgins died in the remote castle high in the Lesser Carpathians, at the hands of a real-life vampire. For many years Countess Elisabeth Báthory revelled in sadistic orgies of blood-lust and cruel acts of sexual perversion

Countess died unrepentant without leaving a note on the edge of the hatch through which her meagre rations were passed.

The official records of her atrocities disappeared for more than a hundred years until discovered in the secret Royal Court Archives of Vienna in 1729 by a Jesuit priest Fr Laszlo Turóczy.

Her crimes and personal psychology present one of the most remarkable and strangely fascinating authenticated cases of *haematomania*, or medical vampirism, ever to come to light.

Contrary to popular opinion, vampirism is not a strictly mythical phenomenon limited to the credulous and overactive imagination of superstitious Transylvanian peasantry. In reality, medical vampirism (or haematomania) is an exceedingly rare psychosexual disturbance that can be found in all parts of the world.

Until reasonably recently it was quite impossible to explain vampire behaviour in scientific or rationalistic terms, since the mental sciences, psychology and psychiatry, did not exist prior to the last quarter of the previous century. To the prescientific mind the only conceivable explanation for vampirism had to be sought in the supernatural and in terms of devils, evil spirits, and ghouls that rise from the undead to attack the living.

Even today the bizarre behavioural syndrome of haematomania remains little known and poorly understood.

The peasants of the land once ruled by the House of Báthory say that an apple never falls too far from the tree, and this is certainly true of Elisabeth and her family. The Báthorys were at once noble and profoundly mad, having a long history of epilepsy, psychosis, impotence, eccentricity, and orgiastic homosexuality.

One member of the family, Klara, was an aunt with whom Elisabeth had much in common. She had calmly poisoned her first two husbands, and in spite of her many heterosexual peccadillos Klara, like her niece, was basically lesbian. It is said that she would visit Elisabeth at Csejthe dressed in male clothing and accompanied by a steady stream of girls for orgies of violent, brutal beatings and love-making. In the end, Klara's lover was captured by the Turks and roasted alive on a spit. Klara herself fared no better: she was raped by an entire Turkish garrison and afterwards, while still alive, her throat was slit.

The young Elisabeth's path had been set from an early age when her parents decided that she would marry into the great ruling House of Nádasdy. Always a withdrawn, vain, and unusually gloomy child, Elisabeth would easily become frustrated when her environment failed to flatter and amuse her. She would delight in inflicting pain on her playmates, servants and pets to discharge pent-up emotions. Her (then) occasional cruelty to others was coloured by a self-indulgent vanity that was to develop into a lifelong compulsive narcissism. She spent many solitary and futile hours gazing at her pallid image in her favourite mirror.

When the young Countess was around the age of ten her safe and secure child's world suddenly collapsed. Without warning, her strong and commanding father died, and within a year of his passing she was officially engaged to Count Ferencz Nádasdy – a man of striking dark looks, six years her senior – thereby fulfilling her family's designs. Gone forever was a child's uncomplicated world. Very soon Elisabeth began to experiment with her nascent sexual impulses, and by the year 1573 the fiancée of the 'Black Lord' was a fully-experienced young woman.

An anonymous portrait of the Countess.

Despite any expectations her puritanical Protestant husband may have harboured, young Elisabeth Báthory was certainly no longer a virgin.

Sometime in the year of 1574, it is not known exactly where or when, Elisabeth gave birth to a healthy baby girl fathered by one of the many peasant boys whom she had taken to the hay. The child, named Elisabeth, was entrusted to a midwife, who was given a substantially handsome purse to insure her silence, and quickly shipped off to Wallachia (now part of Romania) on the condition that she never again set foot in Hungary.

Then came the society wedding of the year, but Elisabeth and her sober and spartan husband soon left the gaiety of dancing and month-long feasting for the ominous isolation of Csejthe, one of sixteen castles they owned jointly. Here in the gloom, isolation and superstition of Csejthe (now part of modern Czechoslovakia) she found her true element: a lonely darkness – cut off from civilisation – where the very worst of her subconscious urgings could emerge.

With her husband (who could match neither Elisabeth's mind nor her sexual appetites) away at war more often than he was home, the Countess would spend her days in self-adulation and hypochondria. Five or six times a day she would change her dress, adjust her coiffure, and experiment with new creams to increase the striking paleness of her parchment-like skin. Along with her costly pearls and elaborate brocades, imported from Venice, came 'instruments of consolation' formed of glass and velvet. Soon these cold, impersonal and unresponsive objects were dispensed with in favour of a long string of lovers.

In spite of dozens of talismans – for bringing love and for warding off sickness and evil – with which she was constantly covered, her love affairs seemed as transitory, fleeting and fragile as her uncertain health. She suffered agonising headaches. Foul-tasting brews of toxic mandragora and nightshade only worsened her disturbed mental state. Then rumours began that she gained relief by biting into the flesh of her serving girls, who were trying to comfort her, and mercilessly masticating the torn and bleeding tissue. Losing the sense of her own suffering, Elisabeth would then fall into the black release of unconsciousness.

Klara, who had long cultivated the art of eros and evil, brought a new dimension to her niece's fits and sadism. Pain, provided it was being suffered by others, could bring the orgasmic satisfaction that the chaste Ferencz Nádasdy could not. Elisabeth's joint torture and love-making lesbian orgies paved the way for more solitary indulgences when the Countess of Csejthe would delight in burning a servant girl's genitals with a candle, screaming vile obscenities and calling the poor peasant girl: 'Whore! Strumpet! Does it hurt you, slut?' Just before the girl slipped into unconsciousness, Elisabeth would revealingly cry out: 'More, more still, harder still!' as if substituting for the vigorous male gratification that was conspicuously absent.

When Ferencz returned to the castle the serving girls told him of their mistress's habits, but the Black Lord simply did not care what his wife did with mere peasants; he wished only to rest his body from the rigours and punishments of war, and not to be troubled by 'domestic trivia' and the problems of a household in which he seldom made his bed.

There seemed to be no limit to Elisabeth's barbarity. If she had had a particularly frustrating day or if her orders had not been carried out to the letter, the Countess would punish the transgressor most savagely. One time the linen had not been ironed to her satisfaction so Elisabeth placed the pleating iron in the fire until it grew red hot and plunged it straight down the throat of the guilty laundrymaid; sometimes she would sew up the mouths of serving girls who talked while working.

Soon the Countess's sado-erotic tortures grew into a firmly-rooted compulsion to inflict pain on the sexually-desirable, young and nubile girls of the Hungarian countryside. A constant stream of girls was needed to ensure a supply of victims for her 'human zoo' in the cellars of Csejthe castle. The Countess became utterly dependent on the highly-paid services of her accomplices. These people reflected

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The Vampire Countess

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the black psyche wholly devoid of compassion, humanity and conscience which concealed itself behind the camouflage of Elisabeth's comeliness. Twisted, and psychopathic, the Countess's accomplices were the very personification of her unconscious.

The wet-nurse named Illona Jó was an archetypal hag. She had raised Elisabeth's four children until they were old enough to be tutored away from the gloom and solitude of Csejthe castle. Her assistant, Dorkó, a creature even uglier than the wet-nurse, was a strong woman of Sarvár origin who, like Illona Jó, always wore a dark woollen hood pulled over the eyes. The trio was completed by János Ujvary, nicknamed Ficzkó, a cripple who had been brought up by the House of Báthory from the age of five. Retarded in mind and twisted in body, Ficzkó grew to manhood as a remarkably strong but deeply embittered youth who had never known anything in life other than suffering.

Their recruitment technique was simple. Together the trio would travel to the remote villages where the black name of their mistress had not yet penetrated. To the impoverished mothers of nubile girls, aged from twelve to eighteen, they would offer a small sum of money, a dress or an embroidered blouse in order to enlist their daughters in the service of the noble House of Báthory. Usually the ruse worked and to their Lady's grim satisfaction the disciples would return home with at least half a dozen girls for the bestial, sinister 'games' of Csejthe's dungeon.

Suddenly a series of traumatic events rocked the very core of Elisabeth's artificially-secure world.

Ferencz Nádasdy died at the age of 49 on January 4 1604. Dirges filled the desolate castle, now in the grip of the biting winter. There, like a figure from an evil dream, stood the pale Countess, clothed in black from head to foot. The funeral feast of bitter broiled herbs was eaten after the pastor of Csejthe, András Berthoni, who had been called upon numerous times in the middle of the night to bury corpses secretly, had presided over the grim ceremony. Ferencz's death meant that with her children far away Elisabeth was finally completely alone, and *there was now no-one to whom she had to answer.*

Becoming more deeply involved with black magic and the satanic arts, the Countess expanded her interests to include the consolation of new lovers.

While thoughtlessly galloping across a farmer's cultivated land with one of her young men, she stopped to gaze at an old and wrinkled woman standing by the side of the road. In a fit of laughter she turned to her young man and exclaimed, 'What would you say if I were to force you to take that old hag in your arms?' He answered that it would indeed revolt him. Deeply humiliated, the old woman turned on her heels and walked away. In anger she turned and screamed at the still radiant Countess, 'Lady of Csejthe, it will not be long before *you* will be just like me!' The unthinkable thought that lay dormant in her subconscious had been roused from its slumber. Horrified at the prospect of ageing, she rode home deeply shaken. It was an experience she was *never* to forget.

Elisabeth began to pass more of her time in the company of girls of good family who would set her long, flowing locks. One afternoon the maid-of-honour had set her hair clumsily, making one side appear fuller than the other. Furious over the unforgivable insult to her vanity, Elisabeth struck the careless girl across the face causing a stream of blood to spurt out and saturate the angry Countess. When her servants washed away the blood the Countess became convinced that her hands and arms which had been covered with the fluid were whiter and more youthfully translucent than ever. *The Countess Báthory believed that she had accidentally discovered the very secret of eternal youth: the blood-bath!*

Elisabeth's obsession with the satanic arts now had a single purpose: the preservation of her physical charms. Her only fear was ageing. Deciding she needed the aid of a witch, the vampire Countess employed the services of a reputed sorceress of the forest, Darvulia. With her help the concept of torture was transformed from a source of sado-erotic pleasure to a mindless massacre. The witch explained that the purer the victim's blood, then the more

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A painting dating back to 1895 depicts the vampire Countess, Elisabeth Báthory, supervising the torturing and mutilation of her victims.

The Vampire Countess
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efficacious it would be on the Countess's skin. She was, of course, referring to girls, young *virginal* girls, and that suited the Countess's temperament. Darvulia knew and understood Elisabeth and her proclivities, and she recognised her credulity and exploited it to her own advantage by telling the noblewoman exactly what she wanted to hear. For one whose view of life was blocked by narcissism it mattered little, if at all, that *others* had to die to provide blood for her 4 am ablutions and her delusions of everlasting loveliness.

Her madness grew. Elisabeth, perpetually tired and bored, began to resume her social whirl, making frequent trips to the Imperial Palace at Vienna. It was there that she took a house suited to her in every aspect. In the narrow Schulerstrasse, a street that was to become known as the Blutgasse ('Blood Alley'), there stood a house – dark, depressing and Gothic – complete with crypts and catacombs suited to the most sinister practices. It was here that the vampire Lady of the Carpathians placed her victims in an iron cage – a cylindrical device which hung from the ceiling where the former residents, the Knights Templar, had once held their rituals below. The unfortunate victim was placed inside the device and hoisted up to the ceiling. As it was elevated, a hoop-like contraption holding a series of metal spikes would be drawn closer and closer to the victim's body thereby slashing her to ribbons. Below on a stool, dressed in virginal white, sat the Countess Báthory. While enjoying a shower of warm blood she would open her mouth and drink the hot freshly flowing fluid as it poured down.

Entering into a trance-state Elisabeth appeared transported by the agonies of her victims and the orgasmic thrill of watching a torn, bleeding girl in the last tormented moments of life. She plunged into the lowest depths of human abnormality: *necrophilia*, the sexual abuse of the dead.

Elisabeth eventually grew tired of the iron cage and longed for something more innovative, sinister and diabolically amusing. Thus came the creation of her 'Iron Virgin'. The mechanical monster was built to her specifications by a clocksmith in Germany whom she contacted through an intermediary in Vienna. Installed in the dungeons of Csejthe Castle and carefully hidden in a coffin of delicately carved oak, the perverted machine was a life-size iron replica of a pretty maiden, completely naked. Painted in realistic flesh tones, the Iron Virgin had long, flowing platinum blonde hair, a sardonically smiling mouth which moved and which contained real teeth, and a tuft of pubic hair – all taken from the bodies of her many victims. The metallic ghoul wore a necklace encrusted with precious stones, and by touching certain gems the machine was fatally activated. First, the victim would hear a loud noise of clockwork in motion. Quickly, very quickly, the arms would rise and grasp the victim in an unbreakable embrace; then where the painted metal breasts protruded two shutters would open and five steel bodkins slowly emerge, impaling the helpless victim whose blood flowed down a drain to be collected by Ficzkó and the Countess's woman and heated in clay pots for her early morning ritual baths.

If she appeared to ward off the signs of ageing it was not the virgins' blood that had the slightest benefit but probably her baths at the springs of Pistyán. Shortly after the death of Ferencz Nádasdy, Darvulia wandered off into the forest one bitterly cold night where she died. Erza Majorova soon replaced the late witch, and Elisabeth's 'treatments' continued as before. It was Majorova whom Elisabeth confronted in a rage when she found that the bloodbaths had been useless. 'You lied to me!' she screamed at the witch. 'Even these baths in the blood of girls have had no effect whatsoever! You had better find a better way or else I will kill you!' Unshaken, Majorova answered, 'These bloodbaths have been useless because it was the blood of simple country girls, of servants not really different from beasts of burden. What you need is *blue blood*!'

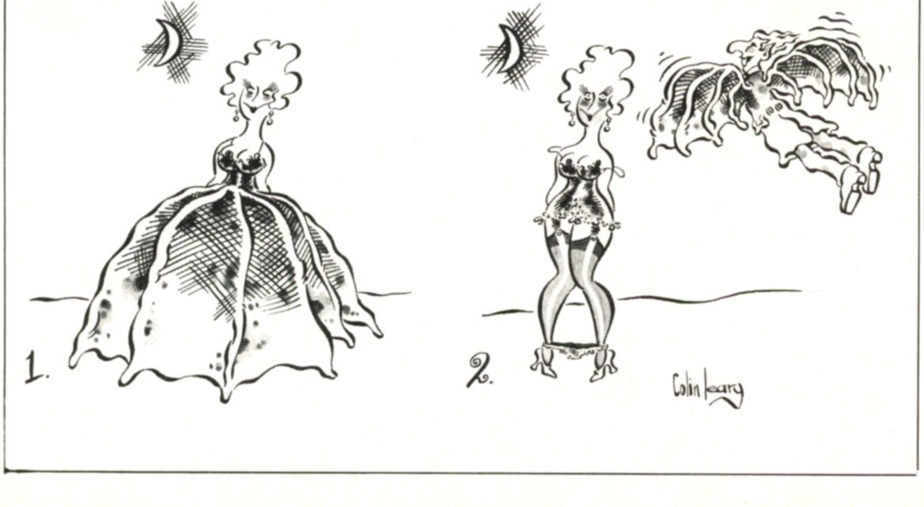
Immediately the Countess believed that in order to remain young she would have to bathe in blood exactly like her own – noble blood. 'And in one or two months,' Majorova told her, 'you will begin to experience the effects and your youth will return again.' Elisabeth Báthory, the Countess of Csejthe, took the fatal bait. Simple country girls were deprived of all redress against the brutality of the nobles thanks to the Tripartium Bull of 1517. This enabled the titled classes to do as they wished with the peasantry who had 'no right to invoke justice and the law against a noble.' Now a cleverer plan was needed. Deceitfully, Elisabeth announced that since she was a poor widow, alone in her isolated castle, she would be willing to instruct the daughters of noblemen in the arts of court etiquette, languages, and the many social graces they would need as young ladies of society. All she wanted in return, she said was their company through the lonely and tedious winter at Csejthe.

Elisabeth had gone to great lengths to conceal her perverted activities from the outside world – even her family did not know about her lesbianism, tortures and blood rituals – and no more than a handful of people outside of the walls of Csejthe had an inkling of her deeds. Thus the minor nobility were only too willing unwittingly to deliver their daughters into the hands of Hungary's most cruel mass murderess. The year of 1610, when twenty-five daughters of barons were delivered to Csejthe Castle on a bitingly cold December afternoon, was to be her last year of freedom. For she had now sown the seeds of her own destruction. Two weeks later all twenty-five girls were dead.

But in spite of the new baths in the blood of *noble* girls – a crime in clear violation of Hungarian law – Elisabeth was, as usual, unsated. Once again the hags were told to find more girls of blue blood to preserve the Countess's fading beauty. But where was one to obtain another two dozen noblewomen for the whims of their wilting fifty-year-old mad mistress? Dorkó and Illona Jó simply conspired to find more peasant girls and to pass them off as young ladies of aristocratic family. So five new girls were found, washed, properly dressed, made-up and taken to the castle in the dead of night.

In Presbourg, then the capital of Hungary, King Mattias II himself sat at the head of the Parliament which the nobles and lawmakers attended from all corners of the kingdom. Those who took the northwest road had passed through Csejthe and had called upon the widow of the late Count Nádasdy. As careful as she had been to conceal her heinous deeds, a woman like Elisabeth Báthory inevitably makes bitter enemies, one of whom was a man named Megyery, the tutor of her son Pál. Megyery suspected Elisabeth. For years he had been biding his time, waiting for Elisabeth to make a wrong move. Above all, he had the ear and the respect of the King. It would literally have required an Act of Parliament to bring charges against the Countess. But now her enemies, had begun to gather with evidence and the power to bring her to justice.

Megyery, her cousin Thurzó, Grand Palatine of Hungary, and the King arrived at Csejthe just before Christmas. Elisabeth knew why they were there: no doubt the tutor Megyery had got hold of the records left by András Berthoni, the old pastor who had been forced to bury numerous



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The Vampire Countess

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bodies in the middle of the night, and these documents had been shown to the King and his Palatine.

Acting on the King's command, Thurzó confronted his comely cousin, inwardly hoping for any explanation that would enable him to hush up an affair which threatened to blacken the esteemed names of the Houses of Báthory and Nádasdy.

'This letter,' said Thurzó, 'accuses you, Elisabeth, of having assassinated the nine girls buried under the church of Csejthe.'

'Mad lies!' she screamed. 'It's my enemies, to begin with, Megyery, who invented that horrid story! Of course, I did tell Berthoni to bury those nine girls secretly, but only because a dangerous and contagious disease had broken out in the castle . . .'

Elisabeth simply denied everything. Then she reminded him that, even if she were guilty, she, the wife of a great nobleman, was quite above the law. He told her, 'If I were not thinking of our family I would obey my conscience and imprison you on the spot!'

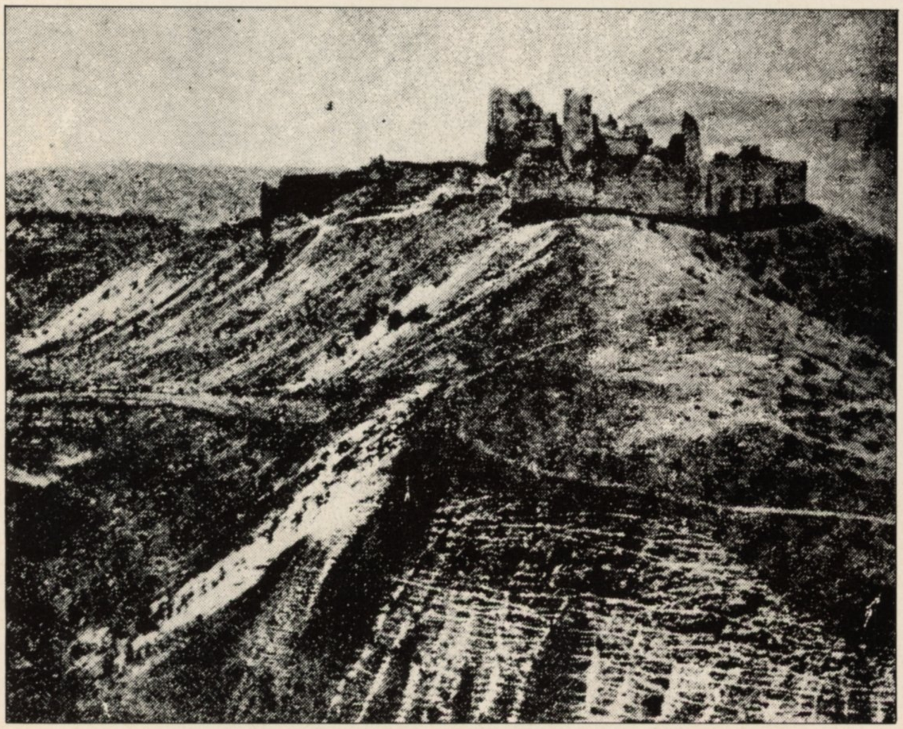
Terminating the fiery encounter, Thurzó left Csejthe Castle to meet with all the members of the Báthory family who were in Presbourg at the time. At the meeting he instructed them to keep the Countess under close surveillance to make sure that she would not commit further atrocities. That way he could quietly place his cousin in a nunnery and later try to convince the King that his measures, though aimed at protecting the family name, were the right thing to do. He did not know that while he was busy conspiring with the Báthory clan Megyery had placed the matter before the King and Parliament.

At Presbourg the Parliament met for three days. Their sole concern was the affairs of Elisabeth Báthory, wife of the late Ferencz Nádasdy. Megyery stood before the assembly and exclaimed, 'The Act accusing Elisabeth Báthory has impressed this Parliament. And what has stirred up the greatest indignation is the fact that the 'Lady of Csejthe' was not content with the blood of peasant girls, but that she also required that of the daughters of Hungarian gentlemen.' Then a message arrived from Vienna: the King, politely but firmly, requested Thurzó to proceed to Csejthe and to lead an inquiry into his cousin's deeds; above all, he was instructed to punish the culpable on the spot.

Drawn and gaunt, the vampire Countess needed an outlet for her fear and fury. A tall blonde girl named Doricza was one of the captives who had been kept in the castle for over a month. She was immediately escorted to the dungeon to be the scapegoat in the Countess's terrible crisis. She was tortured by the hags who used pincers, hot coals and pokers. Elisabeth entered after the girl had been 'warmed up' and proceeded to deal out more than one hundred lashes of the cane until the walls were covered with splattered blood and the victim lay in a thick pool of crimson. Two more girls were subjected to the same bestial cruelty and left to die as the Countess made her exit, foaming at the mouth and howling obscenities.

But soon in the icy distance the hoofbeats of riders on an urgent mission: Megyery and Thurzó were approaching.

Much to their surprise the two men and their contingent entered the castle unhindered. Everything was in disarray in the empty edifice. Lighting torches the men began to explore. They found Doricza. Naked and dead, her breasts had been slashed, hair had been pulled out by the handful, and there were areas on her arms and legs that bore no flesh. 'Even her own mother,' said an eyewitness, 'would not have recognised her.'



The ruins of Castle Csejthe, scene of so many horrific crimes of torture and cruel death.

Horrified, the men pushed on until they came upon two more girls, one in her last moments of life and completely covered in a crust of dried blood. But where was the Countess?

Thurzó quickly left the main castle to search the smaller ward fortress below. There he found her. A loaded coach stood ready to whisk the vampire Countess off to the sanctuary of Transylvania where her demented cousin Gábor ruled. In the coach she had packed the instruments of her perverted, psychopathic joy: needles, spikes, irons and scissors for severing veins and the merciless mutilation of innocent girls.

She denied nothing when confronted by the Palatine, nor did she show remorse – instead, she was haughty, arrogant and proud. Acting in accordance with the instructions of King Matthias II, the Grand Palatine Thurzó handed down his judgement:

> 'You, Elisabeth, are like a wild beast. You are living your last free moments. You do not deserve to breathe the air of this earth nor to see the light of God. You are no longer worthy to belong to the human race! You are going to disappear from the world and you shall never return again. Shadows will surround you for as long as you live to repent your bestial life. May God forgive you for what you have done. Mistress of Csejthe, I condemn you to perpetual imprisonment in your own castle!'

Elisabeth was escorted back to her room at the main castle and workmen began to seal off the windows and construct a heavy brick wall in front of the door, leaving a small hatch through which food and water could be passed. Scaffolds were then placed on each of the castle turrets to indicate that the gloomy edifice contained a prisoner condemned to die in solitude and darkness. Filled with horror and revulsion, Thurzó said to his family, 'I should have killed her on the spot had I obeyed my own instinct. But in the interests of the descendants of the House of Nádasdy justice was carried out in secret; for if she were to be judged by the Tribunal, then all Hungary would know of these murders.'

The name of the Báthorys and the Nádasdys, along with the sanctioned privileges of the ruling classes, had to be protected at all costs, even above the King's objections. He had wanted Elisabeth to be put to death, especially when he read the notebook that had been taken from her room. In it was a list of entries written in her own diminutive script. She had kept meticulous records of almost every girl she had tortured and killed – well over six hundred names were found, along with laconic comments such as, 'She was very beautiful, but too small,' and 'She died too quickly.'

On January 2 1611, at the town of Bisce, Ficzkò, Illona Jó, Dorkó and other

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The Vampire Countess

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accomplices in Elisabeth Báthory's crimes and atrocities were put on trial.

They told of their part in the Countess's reign of bloody terror, and were condemned to death. Ficzkó was the first to die. He surrendered his head to a cowled executioner and his body was thrown to the flames. Then the executioner withdrew iron pincers from the flames and proceeded to tear the fingers from Illona Jó's hands, but by the time he had reached the fourth digit she had fallen into a faint and was immediately cast into the raging fire. Seeing her fellow accomplice burning at the stake, Dorkó fell into unconsciousness, soon to be consumed by the blaze.

While her accomplices perished in the bonfires of Bisce, Elisabeth was left to die slowly in the bitter cold and silence of Csejthe Castle. Her letters reveal a calm and controlled attitude, one which showed neither remorse, self-pity nor the desire for forgiveness or mercy.

A visitor to the modern town of Chactice in the Slovakia region will find an old ruined castle standing on top of a barren hill. It is Csejthe. He will also find a single walled-in room amongst the decaying ruins. Elisabeth Báthory is still there.

How can we begin to account for the deeds of Countess Báthory? To begin with, it is helpful to realise that horrible and merciless as she was, the vampire Countess was *not* unique. There have been a number of haematomaniacs throughout history – both medieval and modern – and so we can take note of some of the features common to most, if not all, cases of medical vampirism. For example, all *genuine* cases of this grisly syndrome, fortunately one that is exceedingly rare, show that the haematomaniac is always an individual of a marked homosexual, if not orgiastic, disposition. Another feature shared by haematomaniacs is their preference for young victims instead of mature people. The haematomaniac will also go on killing and consuming his (or her) victims' blood until apprehended. Like the mythical vampire of popular fiction, the psychopathic medical vampire is a tireless, insatiable killer. But he kills only to obtain blood, murder is merely an incidental by-product of his primary need to find human blood. Acts of vampirism are always committed while the haematomaniac is in a deep state of disassociation, or trance.

Since Elisabeth Báthory, there have been and will continue to be a number, however small, of psychopathic vampires in Europe and in the East. The Countess's mass atrocities could never be repeated by a modern vampire since our society no longer permits class privileges that enable one human being to torture another. Recent acts of vampirism have included as many as an estimated fifty victims in one particular case. But no longer is it possible for a monster like the Countess Báthory to mutilate over six hundred innocent members of the same sex in order to bathe in or drink their blood.

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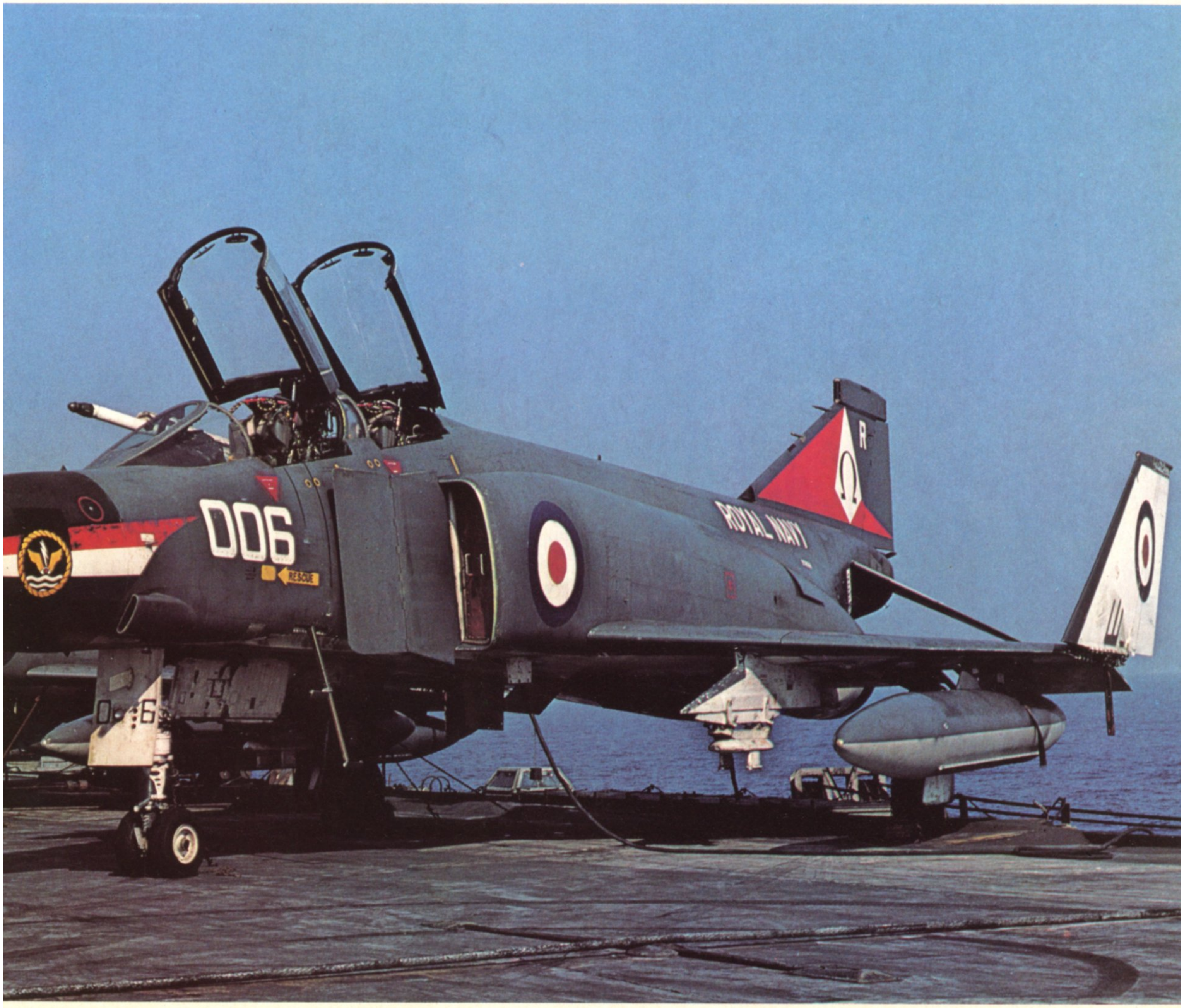
The Ark Royal*'s Buccaneers (picture 1) were designed for Naval use as subsonic, long-range bombers. Steam catapults assist the Buccaneer to its take-off speed of 120 mph within 150 feet (2) – quite remarkable for an aircraft weighing over 20 tons fully fuelled and armed. One of* Ark Royal*'s two Wessex helicopters (3) used for search and rescue. A Buccaneer about to land at about 150 mph (4) and on deck a Phantom (5). It is a fighter capable of Mach 2+.*

The *Ark Royal* was more than a ship – she was a mobile air-base which could launch nuclear-armed bombers, and Mach 2 plus fighters from her decks

FLYPAST: we salute the last Ark

Photographed by Denis Calvert

On November 30 1978 the fourth Royal Navy ship to bear the name *Ark Royal* launched an aircraft from her deck for the last time. It was a momentous occasion because never again will an aeroplane be catapulted from the flight deck of a British ship. These pictures, now released for publication, are our tribute to this historic event. Commissioned in 1955, the 52,000 ton *Ark Royal* could steam her crew of over 2,500 to a trouble spot at speeds exceeding 30 knots. Although she never once fired her guns in anger, the 846 ft long *Ark Royal* represented a formidable political weapon. She provided a fully operational floating air-base which could nestle dangerously close to a foreign power. Her 14 Buccaneer jet bombers had nuclear



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capability; the 12 Phantom fighters on board could exceed twice the speed of sound, and her four Gannet piston-engined reconnaissance aircraft were nothing less than flying radar stations with the ability to locate, identify and keep track of enemy submarines.

Completing the *Ark*'s air power were six Sea King and two Wessex helicopters used for search and rescue missions.

The Phantoms and Buccaneers were handed over to the RAF when the *Ark* docked at Plymouth for the last time in December 1978. Her empty hulk remains there, its future uncertain, but what is certain is that the name *Ark Royal* will again take to the high seas. The fifth *Ark Royal* should be in service by 1985 with a flight of six vertical take-off Harrier jets and twelve versatile Sea King helicopters.

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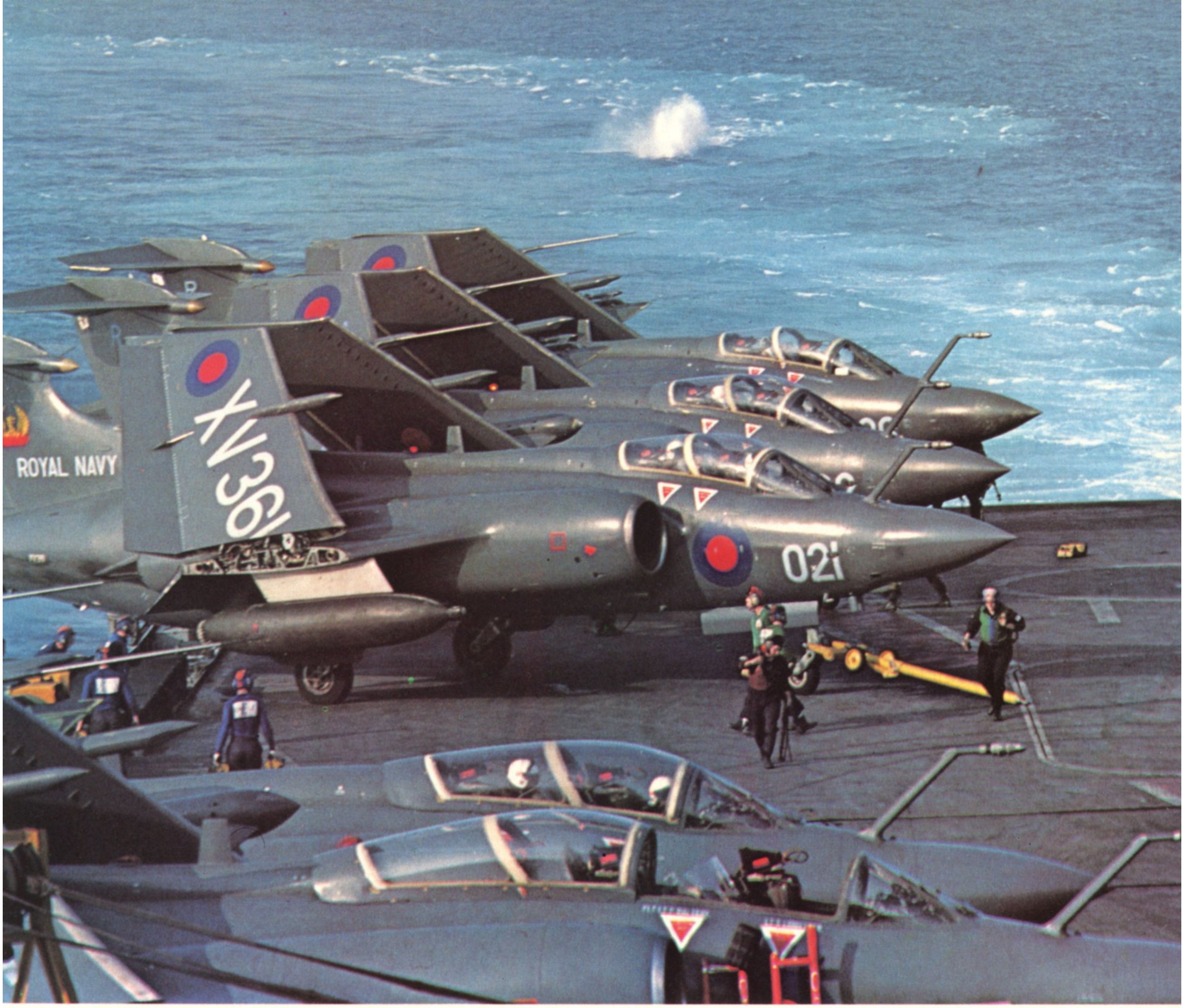

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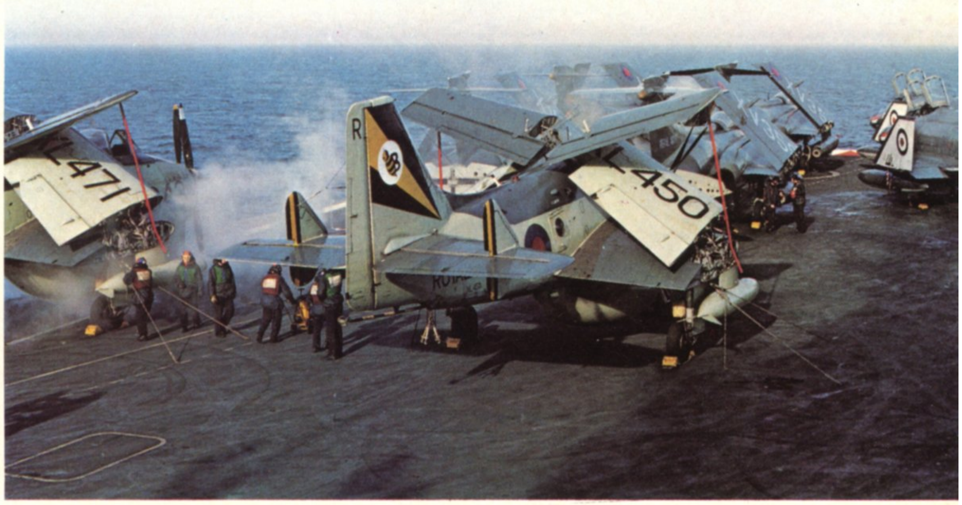

A Phantom approaching Ark Royal*'s deck at over 150 mph (picture 1). Its hook catches one of four wires running across deck at 30 ft intervals. These are connected to hydraulic dampers which bring another aircraft (2) to rest in under 220 ft. To land within such a space demands a remarkable degree of flying precision; the ship can be moving at over 30 knots, as well as rolling and pitching by over 60 ft at deck level, but the accident rate is low. To occupy less space on board the Buccaneers have folding wings (3) which can be quickly unfolded in preparation for action (4). Another Phantom on final approach (5), and looking very bird-like, the Gannet reconnaissance aircraft (6).*

Simon Paynter on the ways of all women

To my old friends she was a demure daughter. Yet to me she was a creature of unfettered abandon, hair awry, naked and moaning

So long Sally, swing on your sexual way

One of the odd things about sex is that unless you are actually having it, or have just had it, or are just about to have it, it all seems a bit unbelievable. There are times when the wild and frantic antics of the hot-blooded male in a state of extreme sexual arousal just do not square up with the calm, controlled person that looks back at you from the bathroom mirror or sits quietly on the commuter train reading the daily paper.

The same is true of others. Look at the girls around you when you travel on that train to and from work. Look at the girls at work. The girls at the bank. The girls in the shops. The girl next door – you have probably been looking at her for months anyway. How many of them look as if they could be transformed into creatures of unfettered abandon, naked, hair awry, moaning, groaning and generally rather lively? They may look quite sexy, but do they look as if they could ever part those carefully made-up lips to accept a few inches of you?

But you know and I know that you should not go by appearances. Those girls, the

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL DARE

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'Oh really, not THE God?'

opened almost involuntarily. Conditioned response. I ploughed away at her for a few minutes before realising that for all practical purposes she was asleep.

Above all things, a man must maintain his dignity. I withdrew and went to sleep.

Sally loomed into my life again some months later. She had decided to become a nurse and had gone off to work in a South Coast hospital where she lived in the Nurses' Home. Nothing was heard, and then a telephone call. She was fed up with being a trainee nurse and wanted to become a photographic model. Would I go down with my camera and take a test set of her?

It turned out to be an amazing evening. We sat in her little room and drank a bottle of wine. I needed alcohol to help me overcome my fear that any minute a vast muscular matron would fling open the door and fling me out of it. There *was* a knock on the door. I froze. In came this unbelievably beautiful girl with a dark suntan, flashing white teeth and wearing a red kaftan. She carried a bottle of wine. She lived in the next room and her name was Angela. She had been invited.

What was going on? We drank some more and Sally announced that she was going to pose for me. She proceeded to peel. Halfway through the strip she paused, in a too-casual way, and invited Angela to join her. Wouldn't it be fun to do a two-girl set? She had obviously prepared the girl to an extent because she agreed quite readily and so, suddenly, there before my very eyes, are two girls, wearing only pants, lying on a bed and giggling fit to burst. Again, I ask you. What would you do?

I took pictures. I had to. No-one would ever believe me. They still don't until they see the pictures. The pants bothered me so I hauled down their pants. I took more pictures and then thought, to Hell with pictures.

Sally and Angela, laying naked side by side. Again I found myself thinking, which one shall I have first? Shall I put one on top of the other? As I unzipped my trousers, Sally looked up and asked me to go on taking pictures. She asked nicely but firmly.

I did get a pretty fantastic set of pictures but sadly that is all I got.

I didn't give up on Sally straight away. I saw her from time to time. She gave up the nursing idea and whatever modelling ambitions she might have had (I never found out whether they were serious) and she became a waitress. She started to think of me as being her good friend. I can be a good friend. I have good friends. I have Harry, he's a good friend. With girls, I like the relationship to be different.

The last time I visited I spent the night with her. In bed, naked, with an erection it was criminal to waste. And she talked about Caro, short for Caroline, so beautiful, so kind, so understanding, who was going to move in next week so that they could live happily ever after.

I thought about how to cure oil leaks in a Fiat 500 and went to sleep.

So long, Sally.

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So long Sally

continued from page 58

matter of some importance to me because by this time I broke out into a sweat every time I saw her. She lived some way off and I had to wait some four months until her parents went away for the day before I could drive over to see her. We had never actually discussed what was going to happen – one rarely does – and the excuse was that we were going to look at the colour transparencies that I had taken earlier.

I took with me a litre bottle of wine and the box of slides. We drew the curtains of her bedroom and projected the pictures on the wall while we drank. They were pretty good pictures. Very stimulating.

There was one shot of Sally leaning back on the bed with her legs apart and wearing a real come-hither look. Every time I looked at it I wanted to bury my face right in the focal point of the picture. I left the slide in the projector so that the wall was filled with this incredibly erotic image.

Sally did not say a word as I took her clothes off. She moved to help me but remained quite silent as her blouse was pulled off, her jeans were unfastened and tugged down and her pants slipped off. We kissed for the very first time.

I positioned her on the bed with her back to the projected picture of herself, slightly to one side so that she took up the same position without obscuring the image. Then I just looked.

That just has to be one of the most exciting moments in anyone's life. It was as if the girls of *Mayfair* were just about to step out of the pages. So I just held off for a while to savour the moment.

Then I knelt between her parted legs and ran the tip of my tongue up between the softly closed lips of her cleft. I knew what I was going to do later and so did she, but at that moment all I wanted to do was eat her and she was quite happy about that. She moved her body forward to press onto me and pulled me hard up tight with her legs.

The larger than life Sally looked down on us with approval.

It would be improper of me to deny that of women I have had quite a few, both before and after that occasion, but the moment when my prick pushed through that first slight resistance and into that rainbow of sensation, *that* moment was something else.

And, after so long, about bloody time too.

There's a Freudian slip for you. Having spent so long lusting after what the blessed Flynn called *San Quentin quail,* was I expecting Sally to be a virgin?

I was and she wasn't.

During the post-coital calm she told me that she had given her all to a heavily-bearded student from the Tech about six months before. He was a photography student, the bastard, and had exposed miles of film before her naked body, but not to mention a few crafty shots with him slotted into frame courtesy of the time delay.

He was the first. The first man that is. The real first in terms of making real sexual contact was a girl. Her own English teacher. Doesn't it make you sick?

The matter of the dikey English teacher fascinated me. Sally told me how it happened, how the girl – she was a young teacher – used to call in at Sally's home, ostensibly to give her extra tuition, and then one day made a pass. Sally, being Sally and always interested in life's experiences, acquiesced and before you could say lickety-spit, was contemplating the top of teacher's head.

When I'd heard the story I didn't know quite how to react. Everybody likes to hear a good sexy story but . . . can I admit to feeling jealous of a woman? As for the photography student, I could have strangled him with a length of Kodachrome 64.

When Sally was 19 I was a free man again, having parted company with my wife. I developed a girlfriend and embarked upon a pretty wild affair, the progress of which was marked by a systematic exploration of the sexual encyclopaedia. That's right – we had a lot of sex. And when we reached the end of volume one we started to think about volume two.

She had a flat in Camden Town and it was there that most of our dark and dirty doings took place. I would go along in the evenings, we would grab a drink and a handful of peanuts and then set to. I lost weight during this period of my life.

Sally telephoned me to say she was in town and could stay over. Could we get together? Yes, we could. But where? You may not believe this but I was not actually thinking about sex when I suggested that Sally met me in town and came back to Camden Town for a drink and a handful of peanuts.

I was as unprepared for the result of putting Sally into contact with my girlfriend Sue as was the monk who took a handful of sulphur from one pot and added it to another handful of saltpetre.

Sally and I arrived at the flat a little later than was usual for my visits. Sue had started without me. She was in bed and beside her was a bottle of scotch, one-quarter consumed, and a bowl of peanuts, hardly touched. She was as she always was when in bed, naked. I made the introduction and went to fetch a couple of glasses while Sally sat on the foot of the bed at Sue's invitation. To tell the truth, there wasn't anywhere else to sit.

WANTED
TOPLESS
WAITRESS
Roy Nixon

'That's right, I AM a tailor, but I like topless waitresses.'

We ate a few peanuts and we drank quite a lot. Sue sat up higher in the bed and suddenly there were breasts to contend with. It does subtly change the character of a conversation between three people when they are joined by a pair of very substantial breasts. Sue's were (still are, actually) of the semi-rugby ball variety. I should have sensed there was going to be trouble when her nipples started to pop up. We were talking about a play we had seen on television – nothing to do with sex at all – when up popped Sue's nipples. *Pop. Pop.*

It took the whole bottle to get us all into bed together. It was Sue's idea. I pulled my clothes off and helped Sally out of hers. Then we made what the lady chose to call a 'Sue Sandwich', with her in the middle.

I didn't know what they were thinking, but I was wondering what to do next. A few cuddles and a few giggles are all very well but I was beginning to look for some serious action. I was applying my slightly fuddled, but nonetheless creative, mind to the problem of how I could have both of them. Which one should I have first? Did Sue have precedence over Sally? Could I have them both together? I was developing a fascinating arrangement whereby I stacked Sally on top of Sue, both pointing upwards, if you follow me, so that I had one target on top of the other. I could then fuck alternately, six of one, half a dozen of the other, six of one, half a . . .

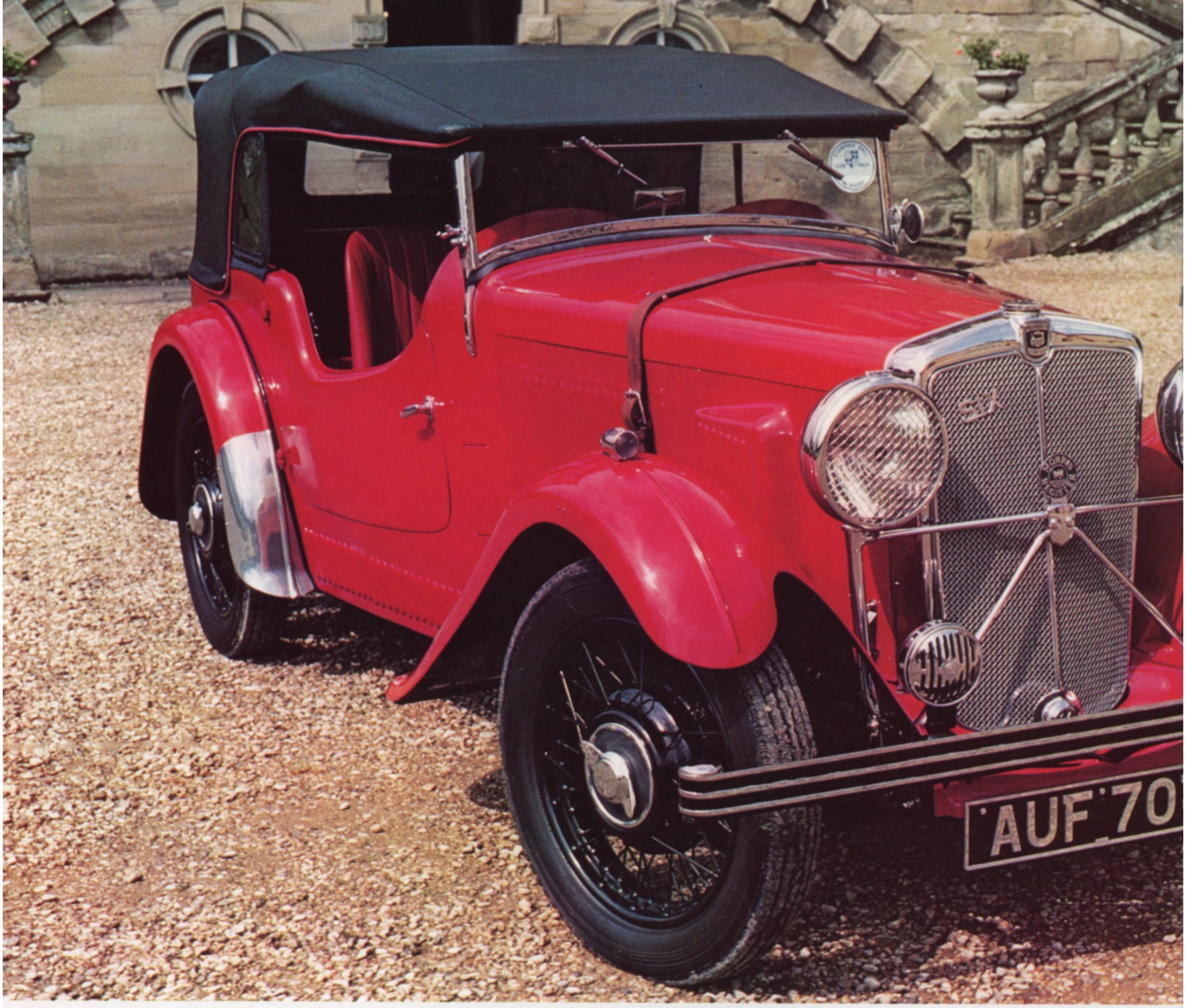
Sue threw back the duvet, drew up her knees and parted them wide. I abandoned my fantasies in favour of short-term benefits and climbed on board. Sally sat up and watched; I liked that.

Now Sue is an experienced lady and it became quite clear that this was not going to be one of your British Standard basic fucks. This was one of your 'I'm going to render you incapable of further action for at least a couple of hours' fucks. Sue is very good at the latter and after twenty-five minutes of her special brand of vaginal massage I went into the vinegar strokes like a steam engine with a broken governor.

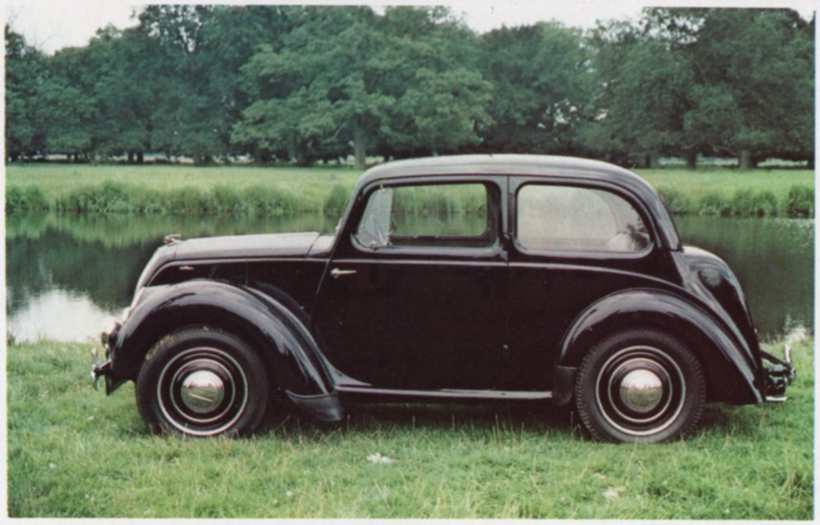
When I opened my eyes they were at it. After a few minutes of lying prone and unnecessary upon Sue's generous body I had slipped off and into the sleep of the just (just had a good fuck). When I awoke, they were *at it.* There were heads and legs and hair and arms and breasts everywhere.

Now, what would you do in a situation like that? You'd be in there, wouldn't you? Plunging away, thrusting here, thrusting there? Do not delude yourselves, my friends. If you had just been given a Sue Special you would be sitting there as I was, looking and wishing and cursing that uncooperative piece of flesh hanging its head in shame.

And later, when I managed to persuade it into some semblance of rigidity, it was really too late. The two of them were satiated, full up, they had had enough. I approached Sally. She yawned and closed her eyes. I went to the other side of the bed and tapped Sue on the shoulder. Her legs



The Morris Ten/Six Special Tourer (top left and bottom right) is the 1934 model. It had a top speed of 60 mph and a fuel consumption of 25 mpg. Top right is pictured the 1926 version of the Morris Oxford two-seater, one of the range of low price cars the company produced during that period. The Morris Eight Series E (shown bottom left) was in production from 1939–48 and had a maximum speed of 58 mph. It did over 37 mpg. Pictured bottom centre is the distinctive and attractive radiator grille of the Isis. These cars were in production from 1931 until 1935.



Inexpensive and produced in an enormous variety, Morris cars dominated the British motor industry before the Second World War

MORRIS

DANCING TO A BYEGONE BEAT

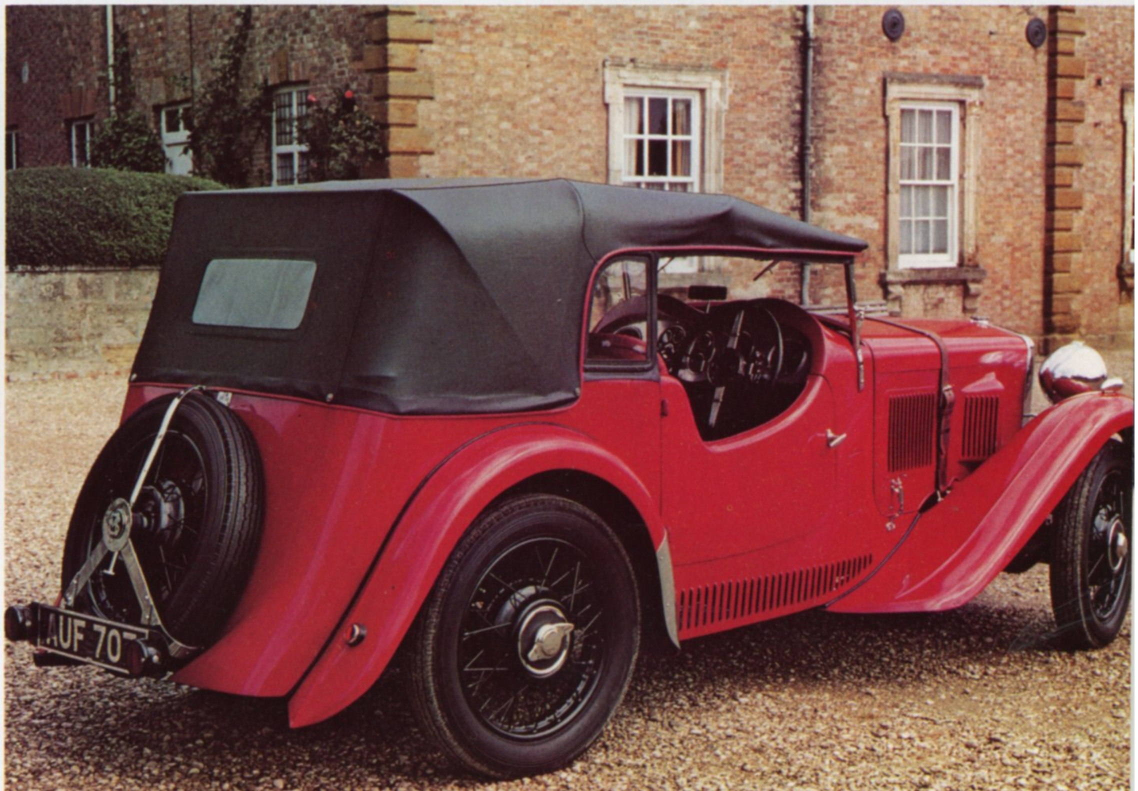
Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

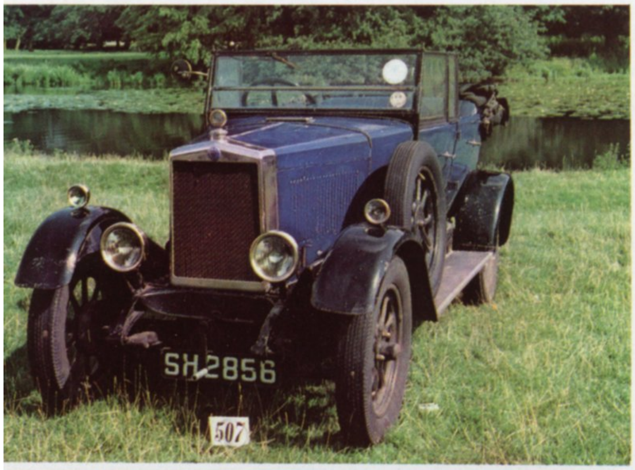
If the 1920s were the gay years of mad parties, incessant dancing, and knee-length frocks, the '30s were less sombre than many would have us believe. It was a notable decade for good functional design and individuality. Of 'characters' from that era may I suggest Sir Malcolm Campbell, whose like will never be seen again.

Having thus introduced ourselves to the period, what of the motor-cars it produced? There were exotic ones, mediocre ones and downright terrible contraptions. It was the existence of the two latter that brought about the now-flourishing Vintage Sports-Car Club, because some considered the better cars of the 1920s much nicer to own and to drive than the best the '30s could offer. That was fine if you were young and rich. If, though, you were from the middle-classes, you probably invested in an Austin or rode in a Morris.

It was only the more affluent people, who were earning maybe as much as £10 a week, who contemplated possession of a personal motor-car. The faithful Ford having been largely driven from British



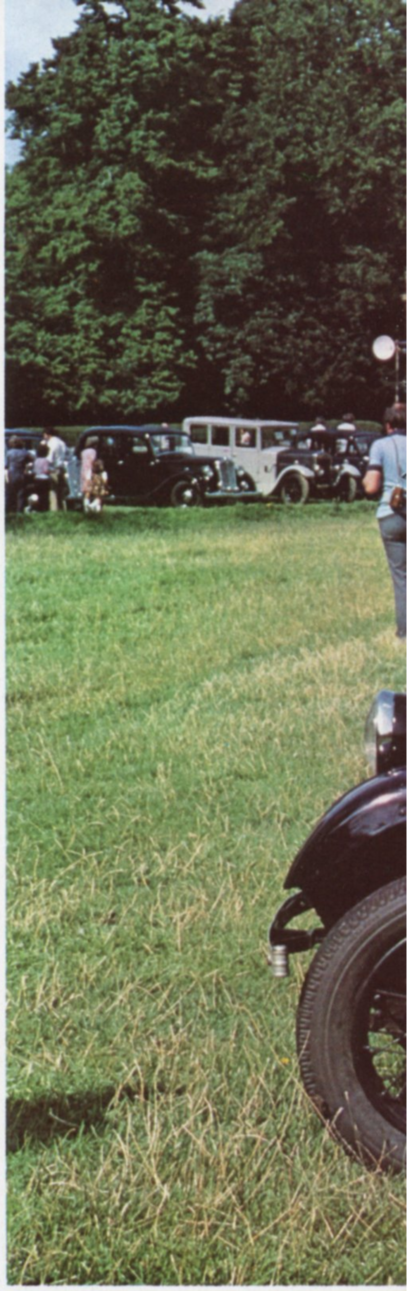
The Morris Eight Tourer (top right) had a 918 cc side-valve engine. It also came in a saloon version which helped keep the company ahead in the baby-car world. The saloon can be seen (bottom right) behind the restyled version of the model called the Series E. Some of the earlier Eights had Jensen bodies (bottom left). The Morris Ten/Four is pictured in both its saloon (centre left) and its convertible (bottom centre) versions, in production from 1933–38. The convertible is a 1935 model. The Morris Cowley Tourer (top left) is the 1927 model which had a top speed of only 47 mph.



roads by the RAC horse-power tax that made Model-Ts and even Model-As costly to run, most of us commuted in Austins or Morrises. And if you study old photographs of the towns and villages of the time, you will find more Morris cars about than Austins. Most of these were solid-looking, square-rigged saloons, in several sizes.

In this look-back at the Morris cars of the 1930s, I could tell you quite a lot about the remarkable man responsible for them – William Morris, who became the multi-millionaire Lord Nuffield. How he started in a humble capacity, repairing bicycles, and then put buses on the local roads before seeing so successfully into the future that he commenced making cars. How these Morris-Cowley and Morris-Oxford models (the latter came first) were assembled from proprietary components, and brought out at competitive prices. How when sales of his cars fell away after the First World War the wily Morris slashed his prices twice, so that his business recovered; recovered so fast that he was unable to prevent himself becoming a somewhat dour and uncommunicative millionaire many times over. How the first MG sports-cars were devised from Morris components by Cecil Kimber around 1923-1924, only to be cruelly killed off last year by Sir Michael Edwardes, more's the pity.

But motoring enthusiasts should know all this already, and others wouldn't believe me – especially about how Morris



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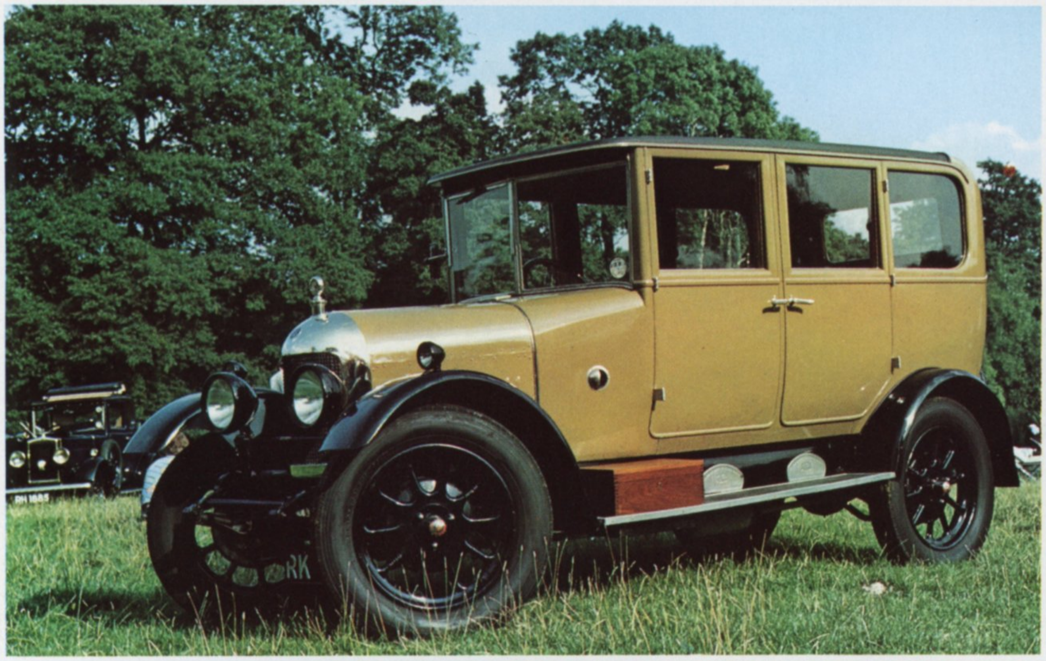

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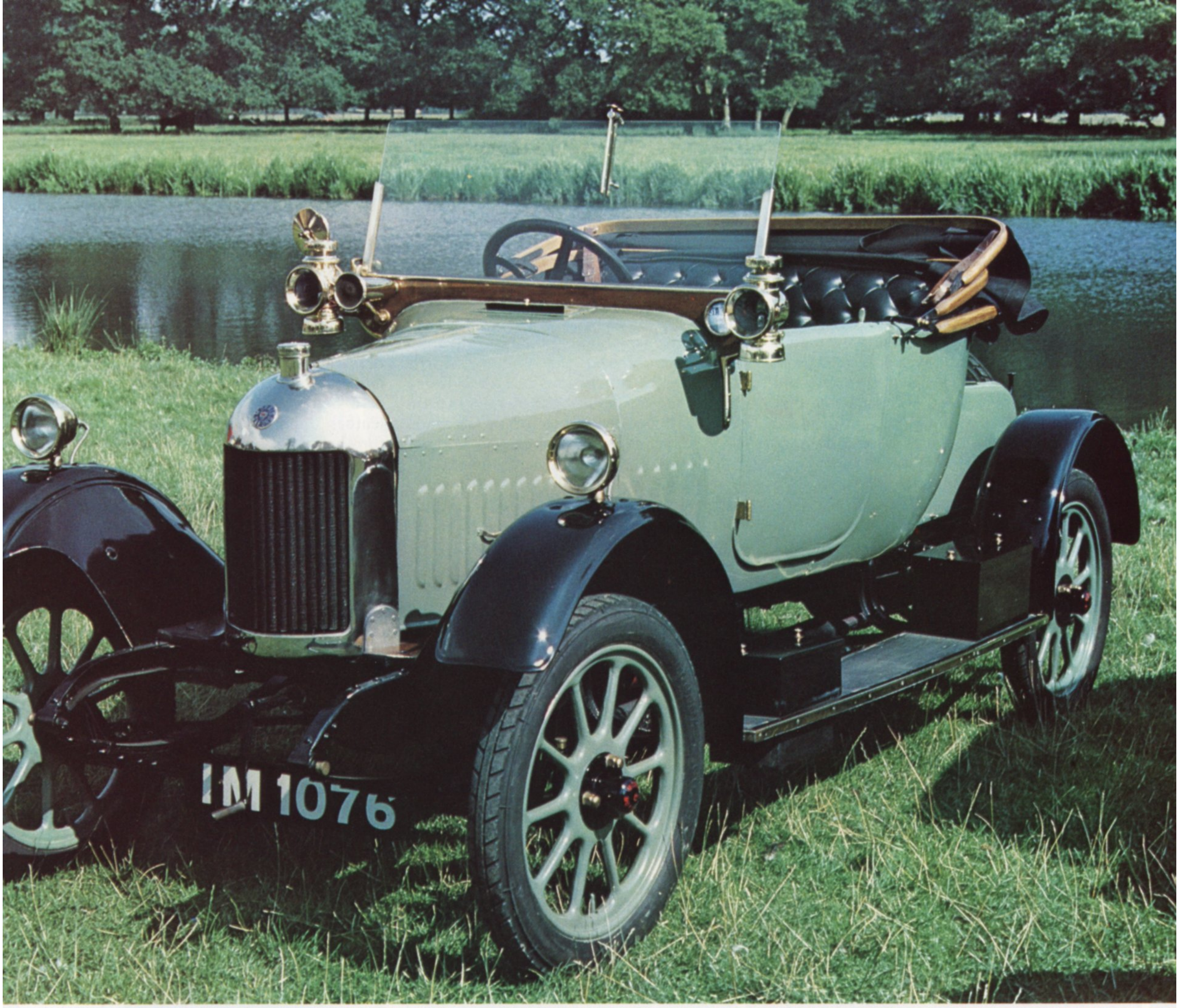


introduced a £100 car in December 1930. There are other splendid tales about Lord Nuffield. How he drove himself about in rather improbable cars, ending up in a modest little Wolseley. How he liked to exercise on the golf-course, and when he was refused membership of the nearby Huntercombe Club told his secretary to buy the place lock, stock and barrel, which was duly done. A great man who gave enormous sums to various charities.

That was the man who gave his name to the Morris car. The make has been subject to some badge-engineering in recent years, particularly after the Morris and Austin empires were amalgamated to form the British Motor Corporation. Even then, when at the time of the Suez petrol-panic Sir Alec Issigonis came up with the entirely brilliant Mini Minor, that great little car

The Tourer version of the Morris Eight Series E is pictured top left. Below it is the 1926 Morris Oxford Hoyal-bodied saloon. This had a four-cylinder engine. Bottom left is pictured the Morris Eight Tourer which had a top speed of 58 mph and a fuel consumption of 45 mpg. Top right is a 1921 Morris Oxford two-seater. The Morris Minor two-seater (bottom right) is the 1934 model. It had an engine size of 847 cc and a maximum speed of 50 mph. For a stunt Morris got a Minor to run at 100 mph on the track at Brooklands and also to do 100 mpg on the highway.

In parts of old London there were more brothels than pubs. They offered virgins, whippings and all manner of sexual delights

Pleasure Parlours:

red lights of Old London

By Paul Hudson

One evening, back in the days when Gannex raincoats and lavender writing-paper were in vogue at Number Ten, I made a rather odd phone-call. Odd, because I falsely announced myself as 'The Station Master' and asked to speak with 'The Ticket Collector'.

'This is she', a sultry voice had breathed down the line. 'If you want your ticket punched, darling, come on over.' And she gave me an address not a hundred miles from Portland Place.

This double-talk was the result of a convivial evening in a Greek Street club with an opaque character I often drank with. 'I can tell you, old boy', he had confided through a drooping military moustache redolent of cheap brandy, 'it's the best brothel in town. Luscious young things – all clean as a whistle. Just take your pick'. Then laying his forefinger along a bulbous nose with the sheen of a ripe aubergine, he added in a guarded tone: 'Here's the number and the password, but mum's the word!' And he weaved his way unsteadily out into the night.

It was curiosity rather than any pressing sexual urge that prompted me to dial the number a few days later. Ingeniously, I had imagined somehow that real brothels in London had vanished along with button-boots and hansom cabs, and suspected that my informant's tip was probably a figment of his brandy-inflamed imagination. But there I was wrong.

The address proved to be that of a respectable-looking greystone house in a quiet mews. After declaring my newly-acquired status as an official of British Rail, I was admitted by a lady reminiscent of Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*. She was wearing a gown which at first glance I mistook for a coating of black varnish. She ushered me into a tastefully furnished salon and it was immediately apparent that I was in a house and not a home.

The air was heavy with scented feminine

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN MORGAN

appeared first as a Morris and later as an Austin Seven. However, let us project ourselves back to before the war. At one time you could tell a Morris from other motors by its distinctive rounded or bull-nosed radiator. But from 1927 onwards the Morris fronts were flat and the aforesaid square-rigged lines established, perhaps with economical mass-production of pressed-steel bodies primarily in mind.

At first you could detect the former bull-nose influence. The engine of the 1927-model Morris-Cowley was the same simple side-valve 11.9 hp unit, driving through a cork-lined clutch to a three-speed gearbox. It was easy to change gear on these old Morrises, with a long, waving lever that poked the cog you wanted into place through an invisible ball-gate. But more sophisticated things were in the offing.

In the 1920s this universal Morris-Cowley had been supplemented by the more de luxe Morris-Oxford models, with bigger brake drums, more lavish equipment, and even a slightly-larger power unit – of 75 × 102 mm bore and stroke for the four cylinders, or 1,802 cc, where the Cowley made do with an engine of 69 × 102 mm, or 1,526 cc. You paid a 14 hp tax-rate on your Oxford for the privilege of this greater power and luxury. Yet these were notably inexpensive offerings, the Cowley two-seater priced at only £160, and the saloon at £195 in 1926. The low cost notwithstanding, there was a considerable choice of body style, and you got four-wheel brakes and shock-dampers all round. The slogan 'Buy British and Be Proud Of It' truly applied to Billy Morris's cars, now assembled entirely from home-supplied components.

There were Morris two-seaters with the proverbial dickey-seat, tourers, coupés, and boxy saloons for the patriots to choose from, as well as commercial vehicles, and even six-wheeled cross-country vehicles like the one supplied to HH The Maharaja of Udaipur.

Morris was selling motoring with a capital M. You could not only buy your car from him but a Motor House for it, on Morris hire-purchase if necessary, and all the accessories you could possibly crave. In 1928 there arrived the famous Morris Minor, with overhead-camshaft 847 cc engine, intent on putting the ageing Austin Seven in its place. From it Kimber made the M-type MG Midget and won races with it. At the other extreme, Morris had brought out a six-cylinder car of 17.7 hp, a leather-upholstered saloon with Triplex safety glass for £390. On the bread-and-butter Cowleys and Oxfords a tenner would buy you cowhide-seats, and sliding sun-roof models were standard. If it all seems pretty utopian today, let me sober you up by telling you that a 1929 Cowley saloon, looking like a hearse, wouldn't do more than about 50 mph and it took ten long seconds to get from 10 to 30 mph, even if it did cost only £190.

But Morris entered the precarious 1930s with a fine range of middle-class and more utilitarian cars. He had come up with the big Isis saloon named after the river near the factory, an unexpectedly Americanised car, using a 2½-litre, six-cylinder engine with an overhead-camshaft and rockers to prod its valves. It also had a three-speed gearbox, a transmission hand-brake to supplement the hydraulic four-wheel brakes, pressed steel wheels and a steel saloon body of rounded lines. It cost £385, had a speed of 62 mph and did 28 mpg.

Not content with that, Morris had a fabric-bodied Morris Oxford Six saloon, rated at 15 hp for taxation purposes, which used up the older side-valve L-head engine. All these continued to come in a variety of body styles, from open tourers to sporting-looking coupés, and could also be purchased by budding coachbuilders as bare chassis.

One could be quite the country gentleman in a coachbuilt Morris Oxford Six, with leather upholstery and chromium plating for the outlay of a mere £299. As 1930 dawned the price of the little Minor chassis was declared at £105, that of the long-lived Cowley chassis at £130. The tradesmen were wooed with a Morris Minor van at £135, able to carry 5 cwt, and to this wide selection was added the Morris Major Six, with that old 15 hp six-pot power unit. The oil-fed, cork-lined multi-plate clutch still featured in the specifications. Top Morris of 1931/32 was the Isis Six six-window saloon at £340, wire Magna-type wheels £12/10/- extra.

It might be said that with such a range Nuffield was pulling Austin down a peg or two. On the race tracks the side-valve Austin 7 was succumbing to the onslaughts of the ohc MG Midgets and a clever stunt had been to get the side valve £100 Morris Minor to run at a timed 100 mph on Brooklands and also do 100 mpg on the road. Sir Herbert Austin replied with proper twin-cam supercharged racing Austins. But it was a bit late in the day.

Over the years Morris had absorbed useful component makers, which enabled his 1930s cars to offer much that the buying public wanted. He kept ahead in the baby-car world with a new 918 cc side-valve Morris Eight, a smart, easy to drive, eager little job. The Morris Ten/Four provided a simple but enlarged car, with a 1.3-litre sv motor from 1933. Morris could now offer things like SU electric fuel-pumps, synchromesh to aid gear-shifting, traffic indicators and built-in jacking, to add to the hydraulic brakes and sliding roofs. The popular Ten/Four was revised, and with the introduction of simple push-rod overhead-valve engines, four-speed gearboxes, and in-built headlamps, the pre-war market was captured. The Morris Eight was restyled but continued with side valves. By the middle of that war-time summer of 1939 William Morris, who started his car-building on the eve of that other conflict, in 1913, could lay claim to having put together one-million motor-cars. The humble Eight had assisted in this huge output, costing only £132 in its Series-1 form.

After the war came the mating of Morris and Austin (in 1952) and the beginning of some BMC badge-sharing, design-wise. Yet here we are in the 1980s and the Morris name still persists, in the Marina models from British Leyland.

'I don't normally do this on a first date but we're moving tomorrow . . .'

odours, and lounging around were half a dozen pretty, fresh-faced young girls attired in baby-doll nighties. They greeted me cheerfully, and I noticed that two of them who had been engrossed in a copy of *Beano* had a marked Irish brogue. After making the introductions, Madame noticed my gaze stray to a couple of beribboned birches hanging on the wall. 'One's reserved exclusively for use on our best customer', she explained and, rather indiscreetly I thought, mentioned the name of a well-known aristocrat. 'I attend to him personally, of course. The other', she added, 'is for striping Maureen's bottom when she's naughty'.

This remark provoked giggles from the girls which Madame interrupted: 'Stand up, Maureen, and show our friend'. Pouting, an enchanting redhead with mischievous eyes stood up and bending over, slowly pulled down a flimsy wisp of lace-trimmed nylon to exhibit two superb globes of ivory whiteness. Obviously Maureen had been naughty quite recently for they were criss-crossed with faint red lines. It was also evident from a rich fuzz nestling at the base of the shadowed cleft that she was a genuine redhead.

Maureen sat down gingerly amid general applause while Madame intoned the prices of pleasure like a Sunday-school teacher reading out the hymn numbers. For an establishment in this category they were surprisingly moderate. There was, however, an extra fee for a disciplinary session with Maureen who, so Madame assured me, thoroughly enjoyed her specialist role.

A couple of hours later my curiosity had been most agreeably satisfied and my clubland friend vindicated. After Madame had seen me out, enjoining me not to be late for duty at Euston – obviously a house joke – I wondered whether she was aware that she was preserving from oblivion an ancient London institution. Somehow, I doubted it.

Tolerated brothels were outlawed in England in an era when Jack the Ripper prowled the East End alleys and the age of consent was 13. Until then London held the unenviable (or perhaps enviable) record of having more brothels *per capita* than any other city in the world: a staggering 3,000, according to official estimates.

Until their closure, brothels, called variously during their chequered history seraglios, bordellos, bawdy-houses, knocking-shops, houses of ill-fame, bagnios and lupanars, had had a long run for their money. They were first legalised in London in 1160 and placed under the tolerant control of the Bishop of Winchester, who later handed their management over to the Lord Mayor. Paradoxically, the advent of the dreaded Black Plague gave them an extra boost for in a frenzy of fear all classes of society jettisoned conventions and abandoned themselves to incredible sexual orgies. The brothel-keepers could hardly believe their luck when, as an additional bonus, doctors solemnly declared that VD gave immunity from the Plague.

During the 18th and 19th centuries the brothel was as commonplace in London as a pub is today, and one brothel was featured in a stage hit of the period, *The Beggar's Opera*. They abounded not only in the city centre but in the boroughs. In 1817 St Botolphs, Shoreditch and Shadwell yielded a count of 360 brothels and over 2,000 prostitutes. Life in Shadwell in particular must have been pretty hectic as every fifth house was a brothel and every eighth woman a prostitute. Competition for business was keen and it was not unknown for a prostitute to trade her wares for less than a shilling.

Until the middle of the 18th century, the standard of furnishings and comfort in even the better London brothels was on a par with that of a tatty boarding-house. They were given a notable 'face-lift' by an enterprising procuress named Mrs Goadby who went to Paris in 1750, armed with professional credentials, and saw for herself the elegance of the leading houses of pleasure. Deeply impressed, she scurried back from her pilgrimage to the mecca of vice and put what she had learnt into practice.

She converted a fine house in Soho's Berwick Street into a luxurious brothel with all mod cons which soon became the talk of the town. The girls were hand-picked by Mrs Goadby for their beauty and sensuality, and taught how to satisfy the customers' whims, however perverted or extravagant. She also coached them in decorum – no swearing, no raucous laughter, and no excessive drinking. The combination of pseudo lady-like behaviour and sexual expertise in plush surroundings proved a novel attraction. And when Mrs Goadby let it be known that she had engaged a house doctor to watch over her flock's health, it was standing-room only at the house in Berwick Street. She soon amassed a fortune and disappeared from the London scene to become a respected Lady of the Manor in the shires.

As with all trend-setters, Mrs Goadby had no lack of imitators. Deluxe brothels catering exclusively for the carriage trade were soon opened in King's Place, Pall Mall. Among them was a notorious seraglio known as The Cloisters where a certain Charlotte Hayes, the self-styled 'Abbess', achieved fame for the beauty and amorous skills of her 'nuns', or 'selected merchandise' as she often referred to them. For jaded clients Mrs Hayes could produce genuine virgins, but, like many high-class caterers, she liked 24 hours notice for such a special dish.

The Cloisters had stiff competition from glittering establishments nearby run by Mrs Mitchell, Mrs Prendergast, and the Negress Miss Harriot, who was immortalised in a Hogarth etching. The belles of King's Place were always superbly gowned, and when allowed an outing used carriages with liveried lackeys provided by their mistress. The catch was that in accepting these fine feathers, as well as food and lodging, the girls became so bound by debt that it was almost impossible for them to buy their freedom.

The distinguished comings and goings in King's Place would have made a gossip columnist rub his hands with glee. Not only was it a favourite haunt of courtiers from St James Palace, but MPs – among them James Fox – frequently sought relaxation there. Patrons vied for invitations to the special shows which Mrs Hayes staged at the Cloisters with imagination and theatrical flair. Her best presentation on record was 'The Tahiti Feast of Venus' which she dreamed up after Captain Cook, returning from the island, reported that young couples copulated there in public while onlookers proffered advice and encouragement. In show-biz parlance the 'Tahiti Feast' was a 'smash hit'; the audience included six members of the House of Commons and two lords.

For the occasion Mrs Hayes hired twelve well-equipped youths to play opposite an equal number of beautiful nymphs who

turn to page 96

This print shows prostitutes touting outside London's Victoria Theatre over 100 years ago.

Pleasure Parlours of Old London

continued from page 96

Wilson supplied her visitors with the vital statistics of each male's penis in full erection, and claimed in her sales-talk that 'her animals were all in a great state of exaltation induced by good living and idleness'.

After studying the male assets and charms on display, the lady would indicate the object of her desire to Mrs Wilson who had him conducted to a boudoir. As she was masked, the customer could then gratify her lust in complete anonymity. In her memoirs Mrs Wilson mentioned that the wife of a Cabinet Minister always hired three studs 'to plug her every orifice simultaneously, and such was milady's rut that she did sorely sap my animals' stamina for the day'.

Mrs Wilson was a remarkable woman. She dedicated herself to catering for society's lower nature with a crusading zeal worthy of a Mrs Pankhurst or a Carrie Nation. She prided herself on her collection of flagellation instruments, reputed to be the finest in London. Her stock of nettles and birches was always kept fresh in rose-water contained in a 'Chinese vase of great rarity' – a refinement that was no doubt highly appreciated by Mrs Wilson's more fastidious clients. She was also a prolific publisher of erotic works. Some she wrote herself and others she translated, among them that rare collector's item *The Accomplished Whore* by Aretino (1827).

Many London brothel-keepers used the newspapers to inform the public of their wares. They also advertised in specialist publications such as *The Vade Mecum of The Man of Pleasure* or *Register of Girls*, which went into lip-smacking details concerning the physical attractions and techniques of the prostitutes they listed. These revues were printed and sold openly, and a normal issue of around 10,000 copies was sold out in a few days. As the population of London at that time was only a million, it is a revealing indication of contemporary morals.

The supreme arbiter and most celebrated of all guides to prostitution in London, however, was *Harris's List* which appeared annually for over 30 years. The industrious Mr Harris was a tavern-keeper in Drury Lane and compiled his *List* with meticulous care, claiming to have vetted personally the brothels and whores included in his magnum opus. The underworld of vice strove for entry in the *List* just as hotels and restaurants seek mention in gastronomic guides today. Harris's remarkable almanac is now a bibliographical rarity, despite its annual issue of 8,000 copies. They must have suffered the sad fate that befalls so much valuable erotica – if it isn't destroyed by the owner, his wife or widow do it for him! The British Museum has some copies of the *List* in its Private Case and there is another in the Brussels Library.

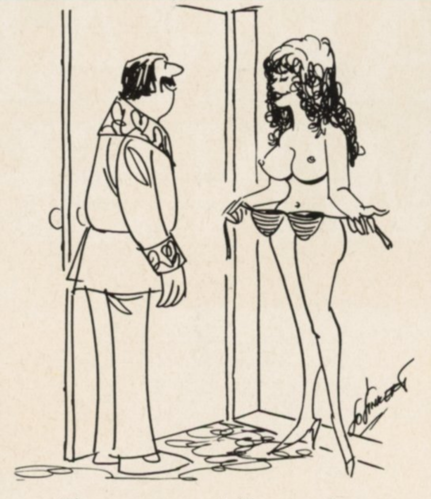
The acceptance of the brothel as part of the ordinary 19th century London scene is evident from the way in which the role of brothel keeper was combined with that of a normal occupation. Take the curious case of Mr Dancer, for example. For many years he was the respected clerk of the Bedford Chapel in St Giles and assisted the minister with the holy sacrament. When not piously attending to his religious duties, he ran a lucrative sideline of four brothels in New Street. In evidence given before an investigating Police Committee, it transpired that the congregation, the Chapel Watch Committee, and even the minister were aware of Mr Dancer's moonlighting. But apparently managing whore-houses was not considered incompatible with his ecclesiastical role.

The advent of the Victorian era with its hypocrisy and self-righteous reaction away from sex gave a shot in the arm to prostitution, much in the same way that a century later Prohibition was to affect the drinking habits of America. While the new morality preached the virtues of female chastity and sternly decreed that the marriage-bed was for procreation not sexual pleasure, brothel-keepers were laughing all the way to the bank.

A system of large-scale prostitution was created such as the world has never seen before or since. The number of bordellos in London exceeded by far the combined total of schools, churches, and charitable institutions! London also became the clearing-house and centre of the thriving white-slave traffic in Europe, which enjoyed, incidentally, the royal patronage of the then King of the Belgians who spent £1,800 a year on buying British girls for his personal use.

A popular feature of the Victorian brothel was the peephole, that sneaky device which the late Errol Flynn installed in his guest-rooms. It was not an innovation, however. Dear Fanny Hill in her celebrated *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (1749) records that one of her earliest sexual experiences was witnessing through a peephole in her brothel a particularly passionate encounter between a girl friend and a singularly well-equipped Italian.

But the accolade of champion brothel voyeur of all-time must surely go to the anonymous Victorian author of *My Secret Life*. His pen-name was Walter, and if the two volumes of his mind-boggling memoirs are to be believed (and experts say they are) he would also merit inclusion in any sexual equivalent of *The Guinness Book of Records* as the greatest fornicator in British history. When Walter was not in action himself, he had his eye glued to a peephole watching others at it. In the index to his volumes the page references under 'Peeping and Peepholes' are numerous and novel: at bawdy-houses, at hotels, at harlots' houses, at a ladies' school bathroom, at home – even Peephole in privy at French railway station. If no peephole happened to be available, randy Walter always seemed to have the tools handy to make one.



'I'm your new neighbour and was wondering if I could borrow a cup of flour and a cup of sugar.'

He must have suffered considerable eye strain in the pursuit of his second favourite pastime: it was not uncommon for him to spy on a dozen performing couples in succession to get himself in the mood. Here he is on the job: 'Having somewhat recovered from my exhaustion of the previous nights, I wended my way to the bordello and settled myself at the peephole. It was so enchanting to see the beautiful female forms twisting lasciviously about the men, enlacing them with arms and legs, their continuous movements, first bum then belly-side visible, the flashes of the dark mottes and glimpses of red lips between distended thighs. But the big-arsed Egyptian girl has grown too fat and shapeless and does not poke poetically. Marguerite was as beautiful as ever and performed enthusiastically – a wonder, for she has been seven years in the lupanar and never has less than seven men in 24 hours. This time she was exceeding well tailed by a strapping young man with a truly enormous bowsprit. This couple made the round dozen I had seen consummate that evening, so my letch was very strong. I replaced the bung in the peephole and ordered that Marguerite should come to me immediately while the heat was still in her.'

Before the 19th century was out the end was near for the whole massive structure of organised brothels in England. It was due to a crusade led by a remarkable man named W T Stead who was the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He wrote impassioned denunciations of the white slave traffic in brothels, and to prove his point actually invited imprisonment and served a term for procuring girls under the age of consent. His efforts were rewarded with the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 for the suppression of brothels. It took some time to bite, but it tolled the bells for a centuries-old London institution.

An eminent authority on prostitution wrote at the time: 'Advancing civilisation will gradually clothe prostitution in more pleasing forms, but not till the end of the world will it be banished from the earth' – sentiments which I feel sure would evoke giggles and applause from Madame and her merry maidens, if they are still punching tickets in that hospitable, greystone house not far from Portland Place.

Pleasure Parlours of Old London

continued from page 94

were billed as 'spotless virgins'. Not wanting to be left out of the fun, the producer cast herself as the Tahitian Queen Oberea. Spurred on by the excited and vociferous spectators, the entire cast performed with such great zeal and enthusiasm that it literally brought the house *up*.

A dramatic critic who was present wrote: 'In the Grand Finale the whole cast achieved a simultaneous orgasm of such apparent intensity and in such divers' postures that would have astonished the natives of that far-off isle'. After rather unsportingly throwing doubt on the virginity of the nymphs engaged, the critic went on to record that the distinguished audience clamoured in vain for an encore and then sat down with the naked players to a sumptuous banquet.

Also ranking high in the brothels' social register were Miss Fawkland's Temples of Aurora, Flora, and Mystery, a sort of carnal department store consisting of three adjoining houses in St James Street. The formidable Flora had been the mistress of a Guard's officer and ran her Temples like a sexual Sandhurst. Aurora housed twelve young girls between the ages of 11 and 16. On reaching the latter age, they were 'promoted' with military precision to the Temple of Flora and replaced with fresh recruits. The Aurora inmates were pampered and well-dressed, although their immodest short skirts, under which Miss Fawkland allowed no knickers, were a betrayal of innocence.

Two governesses and a dancing-master attended to the education of these budding Lolitas with emphasis on sexual instruction. This included special training in the art of fellation, an ivory dildo serving as a model in the practical exercises. To heighten their sexual awareness, the girls were encouraged to read *Fanny Hill* and other works of erotica in their leisure time. No outings were permitted and, despite confinement in a hot-house atmosphere of calculated sensuality, masturbation was forbidden, offenders being whipped.

Anxious to preserve the virginity of her flock – for purely commercial reasons rather than on any moral grounds – Miss Fawkland only allowed visitors who were well over 60 to play with them, and satisfied herself beforehand as to their impotence. Tantalisingly, history does not relate exactly how this redoubtable woman went about such a delicate matter. Evidently Lord Buckingham and Lord Cornwallis must have qualified in this respect. They were assiduous callers at this Temple, where ardent young bodies, full of precocious sexual longings, stimulated and titillated decayed virility with practised lips.

When a girl was promoted to the Temple of Flora, her virginity was auctioned off – probably much in the same fashion as that of Pretty Baby in Louis Malle's brilliant film of that name. Once broken-in, she was encouraged by her mistress to give full rein to her carefully nurtured but hitherto repressed sexuality. Satisfied patrons of this Temple included such notable men as Sheridan, Lord Hamilton, Lord Bolingbrook, and Smollett, one of whom described the inmates as 'lively, merry, and indescribably sensual'. The adjoining Temple of Mystery fully justified its name as it was strictly reserved for wealthy debauchees who indulged in perverted orgies with women specially selected by Miss Fawkland for their total depravity. It was out of bounds for girls in the other Temples.

London in that era offered an embarrassment of choice to the male in search of commercial sex. He could drop in at Mrs Bank's establishment in Curzon Street, Mrs Mitchell's at 44 Waterloo Road – there were scores more. At the corner of Wardour Street and Holland Street, for example, Mrs Nelson specialised in fresh wares, and when her stock was running low she would take a temporary post as a pseudo school-mistress in order to entice young girls.

Sexual flagellation in English brothels had been raised to a veritable art and London became notorious for this perversion, even abroad. In some countries, especially France, it is known as 'the English vice' to this day. (Only recently an Englishman in France announced in the local press that he gave 'English lessons'. He received one or two phone calls enquiring eagerly as to the severity and form of punishment administered when the student made a mistake. He hastily changed the wording of his advert).

Brothels catering exclusively for masochists abounded in London. The virtuoso Mrs James and her staff at 7 Carlisle Street were always willing to whip the daylights out of callers for a moderate sum (open 24 hours); Mrs Collett in Tavistock Street acquired such fame as a subtle wielder of the cane that she was patronised by George IV. The acknowledged queen of them all, however, was Mrs Berkely who lashed by appointment only at her famous house at 28 Charlotte Street. It was there she invented the Berkely Horse, an ingenious contraption for the erotic flagellation of men. For mysterious reasons it was presented to the Royal Society of Arts in the Adelphi by Mrs Berkely's executor when she died in 1836. Could it be that this unique relic of the golden age of 'fladge' is still mouldering and forgotten in some basement of the Society's premises? It is a solemn thought . . .

A contemporary social observer who frequented the establishments run by these fearsome ladies threw an unusual side-light on them. He wrote: 'I have noticed that the young strumpets performing take a perverse interest, even a passion, in their work. With eyes shining, they skilfully apply the birch or rod to male buttocks with an almost savage determination, seemingly as much for sheer pleasure as for their fee'. He also reveals that the houses took in girls who aspired to a career in flagellation, much in the same way, though more prosaically, that girls today are apprenticed in a hair-dressing saloon or beauty parlour . . .

Although this elaborate network of vice catered chiefly for males, the fair sex was not entirely overlooked. It was a certain Mrs Wilson, the owner of a thriving flagellation brothel in Hall Place, St John's Wood, who recognised that, contrary to contemporary belief, women can have as powerful sexual urges as men. She opened an elegant male brothel in which ladies could view through a darkened window 'handsome, athletically-built males, in a state of perfect nudity, wrestling, bathing, or reclining at ease'. The resourceful Mrs

turn to page 98

A streetwalker tries to tempt a clergyman near Temple in London during the early 1700s.

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

> “Look at that pretty girl leaning out of the window up there. I'd love to meet her, she looks so happy with life and pleased with herself this afternoon. I wonder what she's been up to today?”

Conversation overheard in Ebury Street, Victoria.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The Pope arrived at the airport during a world tour he was making. He stepped from his helicopter and raised his arms to the gathered multitude. But his joy turned to annoyance when he realised the crowds were chanting: 'Elvis – Elvis – Elvis'.

'No!' the Pope thundered, 'I am not the reincarnation of that purveyor of the Devil's music, I am your Pontiff, God's messenger on earth – The Pope!'

The same thing happened when the Pope arrived at Kennedy airport a few days later. 'Elvis – Elvis – Elvis', the crowds chanted and once again the Pope raged at the gathering and denounced their adoration of Elvis.

Later that night he arrived at his hotel absolutely exhausted, and as he opened the door to his suite he was surprised to find that his kingsize bed was already occupied by a gorgeous blonde lying naked on the covers. As she heard him enter the room, she lifted her head in adoration. 'Elvis', she whispered in a husky voice, 'oh, Elvis'.

'Well', said the Pope dropping his lower lip and snapping his fingers, 'it's-a-one for the money, two for the show . . .'

A newcomer was filling in a computer dating form and wasn't sure what to put for 'length at present address'. Eventually he settled on 'seven inches'.

The coalman had just completed his delivery to a beautiful blonde when she invited him upstairs 'for a quickie'. But the coalman was unable to perform because the blonde's pet parrot kept staring at him from his perch which was next to the bed.

'Half a minute', said the coalman leaping into his clothes, 'I'm just going to fetch my mallet. That'll fix it.'

However, the parrot heard this and peering at the coalman with his beady eyes he squawked: 'Why don't you just hammer it in with your arse like the milkman'.

A proud dad told his young son that a baby was in mummy's tummy waiting to be born. 'That's strange', said the lad, 'because gran said a stork would drop a new baby down the chimney, and grandad said the doctor would bring one in his bag. Now it looks like the house will be overrun by bloody kids.'

'It was amazing', exclaimed the beautiful young debutante to her best friend. 'My date tonight had a 1930 supercharged open-topped Bentley. He told me it had twin carbs, overhead valves and could do over 100 mph.'

'Wow, that really is amazing', giggled the deb's friend.

'Ah, but there was a catch.'

'What was that?'

'He was the original owner.'

Farmer Giles badly wanted to buy his neighbour's cow, but on enquiring the price he was shocked to learn it was £50. 'What?' he protested. 'I'm your friend and neighbour, and you ask a price like that.'

'I'll tell you what', said his neighbour, 'seeing as you're a friend I'll give you a twenty per cent discount'.

Now old farmer Giles was not much of a scholar and he wasn't quite sure what all this meant so he said that he would think about it.

He went off down the road and was still trying to figure it all out when he saw the local school mistress cycling towards him. He beckoned her to stop and said: 'Now tell me Miss Pinney, if I offered you £50, less twenty per cent discount, what would you take off?'

Miss Pinney thought for a moment and then replied: 'Everything, except my ear-ring.'

Do you know how to tell the clan of a Scotsman?

Lift up his kilt and if he's got two quarter-pounders, he's a McDonald.

As the years wore on Arthur became obsessed with longevity and a place in Heaven when his time came. For advice on how to achieve his goal, Arthur decided to pay his doctor in Harley Street a visit.

'For a start', advised the eminent doctor, 'you'll have to give up smoking, drinking and sex, and if you pay special attention to the latter I'm sure you'll have no difficulty getting into Heaven when the time comes'.

About three months later the doctor bumped into Arthur in Piccadilly and asked him how he was behaving. 'Well Doctor', replied Arthur, 'I haven't touched a drink or a cigarette since we last spoke'.

'And what about sex?' asked the doctor.

'Well, I was doing fine until yesterday evening. I was in the company of a beautiful young woman when suddenly she leaned over the deep freeze showing rather a lot of her magnificent legs. I just couldn't resist the temptation, so I took her from behind, there and then.'

'You'll never get into Heaven that way', scolded the doctor.

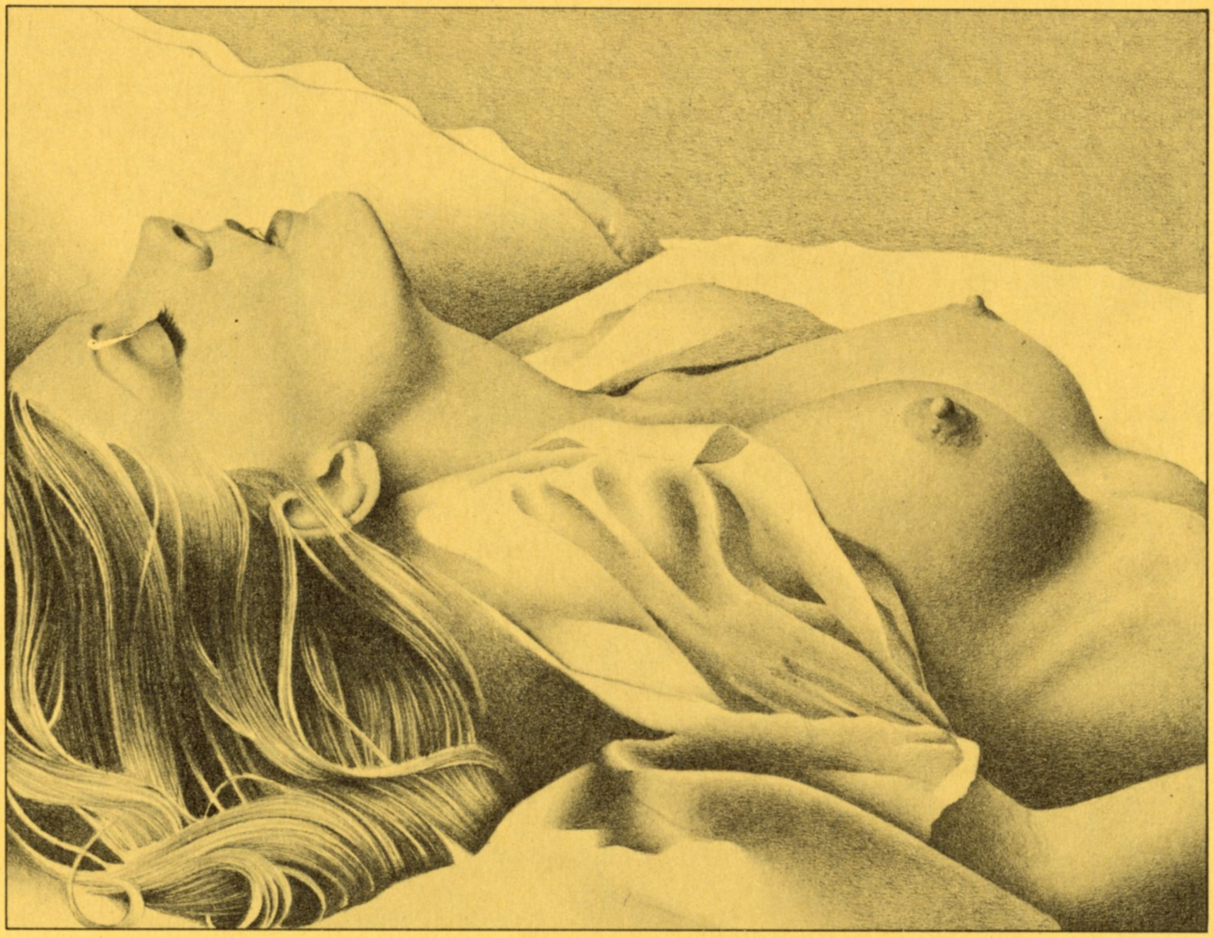
'I know, and I'll never get back into Fortnum and Mason either.'

An inexperienced young Welsh lad went to his village dance and picked up a rather loose girl. He took her into a dark corner of the dance hall and went to put his hand up her skirt, but she knocked it away.

'Where's yer manners boyo?' she yelled. 'It's titties first.'

In Flanders a porn queen of note
Announced to the press and we quote
Going down is my bag
So excuse me the gag
About having some Flems in my throat

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Twelve

Most women make use of their bodies in order to attract men, whether it is by revealing their charms or artfully keeping them hidden. But there will always be those who are willing to let men see more than they would usually glimpse. This month Quest interviews a man and two women who have experienced this situation.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Female administration assistant, 24 years old, single, town of origin London**

This interviewee left college at 19 with a Business Studies Diploma and now lives in a mixed flat.

Quest: I understand your first experience of discreet, but deliberate body exposure happened on holiday last year.

Assistant: I have to admit that I was more than a little clumsy with – how should I put it? – my clothing on the beach. But I don't think it's that unusual, or that unhealthy for that matter. I know this may sound a bit odd, but at the time I don't think I was consciously aware of what I was doing. It just sort of happened.

Quest: Could you describe the events which led up to it.

Assistant: Well, there's four of us in our flat – two men about my age and two girls. It's just a living arrangement, you know, nothing more than that. None of us had booked a holiday, and we got chatting about where we'd like to go and we all agreed that we'd suffered enough package tour holidays – mainly because of the airport delays through strikes over the past couple of years.

Quest: So where did you agree on?

Assistant: None of us had really toured the West Country, so we decided to camp at a different spot each night in Devon and then Cornwall. In the end eight of us went in two cars with two tents – one for the boys and one for the girls.

Quest: Who were the other four people?

Assistant: There were the four of us from the flat originally, but when we got chatting at work two of my friends said they wouldn't mind coming, and Dave – he's one of my flatmates – said a couple of the programmers at his computer firm were interested.

Quest: That probably made for some convenient pairings.

Assistant: I think that's what we all secretly hoped for, especially as none of us was particularly attached at the time. In fact, a few more of Dave's work mates would have liked to join us, but we limited it to four to a car.

Quest: You said that there was nothing

QUEST

why you can't
do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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M154

Quest: Did you make love with Steve on other occasions?

Assistant: Oh yes. We've been going out for over six months. In fact, the other day we were talking about going on holiday together to the Greek Islands or somewhere like that. I had to laugh.

Quest: Why was that?

Assistant: It was what Steve said. 'Remember your blue shorts you took to Cornwall last year?' he said. 'Well I know I shouldn't have been looking, but you'd better wear something underneath because I could see everything up your legs. That's what made me so randy.'

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Local government officer, 28 years old, town of origin, Torquay**

This – male – interviewee left school at 18 with two A Levels and worked in different parts of the country before joining the architect's department of a large town council. He is divorced and shares a rented flat with two friends.

Quest: Would you say you were sexually successful?

Architect: Do you mean at chatting up birds or actually in bed?

Quest: At chatting them up and getting them to go to bed with you?

Architect: I haven't had that much luck since my wife and I split up three years ago. I suppose the trouble with our marriage breaking down and everything, it put me off girls for a while. I went out with birds occasionally but I didn't make a career of pulling them like some of my pals. That's why that business in the boutique came as such a surprise to me. I mean you can imagine someone like Clint Eastwood chatting up a bird in that sort of situation, but not an ordinary chap like me.

Quest: Did you go to the shop hoping to chat up a bird?

Architect: Oh no, I didn't have the slightest intention. The thought is always there in the back of one's mind, isn't it? I mean you see a nice bottom in a pair of tight jeans or a pretty face and think to yourself that you'd like to take her out. But I've never chatted one up in the street.

Quest: What sort of shop was it?

Architect: Oh you know, one of those unisex boutiques – all loud music and very cramped. They sell denim jeans and cowboy shirts, that sort of thing. I only went in there to buy a pair of jeans because they were having a sale and the prices were all reduced. I don't normally like those trendy sort of places, but I've changed my opinion of them now. It's worth the price of a shirt just to hang around in there.

Quest: Why's that?

Architect: The changing rooms. You can see a few sights there, I can tell you.

Quest: How do you mean?

Architect: You see they have little cubicles in a row at the back of the shop and when you go in to try something on you have to pull a curtain across. But some girls don't seem to bother too much if it isn't closed properly.

Quest: So you can watch the girls changing their clothes?

Architect: Yes. I can see what the attraction is in working in one of those places, just hanging around all day and catching odd glimpses here and there.

Quest: Did you see many girls?

Architect: Not many, one or two. I'm not saying that every bird strips off in full view of the whole shop. It's just that now and again you get a few worthwhile sights, like that little blonde. And Jenny of course.

Quest: Please tell us about them.

Architect: I'd better get it in the right order or it'll get too complicated. The blonde was the first one.

Quest: Yes?

Architect: Well, I was sorting through a pile of jeans which happened to be near one of the cubicles. I didn't mean to look in but I glanced up and there she was.

Quest: So she was changing?

Architect: Yes. I got a ringside seat as you might say. And she had a lovely little body.

Quest: Was she completely naked?

Architect: Well, I saw her with virtually nothing on. She was trying on a pair of jeans and the curtain was only three-quarters closed.

Quest: Did she notice you watching?

Architect: I'm sure she didn't, because she looked so natural, not self-conscious at all.

Quest: What did she do?

Architect: When I looked up and saw her she was just taking off her dress, pulling it over her head. I thought I was in for a glimpse of underwear, bra and pants, but it was even better.

Quest: In what way?

Architect: She didn't have a bra on. I saw her pull the dress up over her head and it was a real turn-on. You know, you see more and more of her legs as the dress goes up and then I saw her pants, little black ones.

Quest: Did she have her back to you?

Architect: At first. I felt so horny I wanted to call out and ask her to turn round. But luckily I didn't. It was so frustrating because I could see her beautiful bare back and I knew that if she turned around I would get a view of her boobs. She had a wonderful little bottom as well. Those pants were so skimpy they only came up halfway and they were asking to be pulled off. Such a pinchable bum.

Quest: Did she turn round?

Architect: Yes. She picked up the jeans and turned round as she bent down to put them on. I nearly burst. They were amazing.

Quest: Her breasts?

Architect: Oh, yes. Not that big, but firm with large nipples. No wonder she didn't need to wear a bra. I'd have given anything to get my hands on them. It really turned me on as well to watch her struggle into the jeans, wriggling as they were a bit tight. I think it's almost as exciting watching a bird getting dressed as taking them off.

Quest: Did you watch her for long?

Architect: No, just as she was pulling the jeans on the bloody assistant came up and asked if he could help me. I wanted to tell him to to bugger off but I couldn't very well, could I?

Quest: So that was all you saw of her?

Architect: Yes. Well not completely.

Quest: What do you mean?

Architect: As I was talking to the assistant I saw her walk out of the cubicle with her dress on again. She paid for the jeans and went out. I felt myself go red when she glanced at me, but I'm sure she didn't know I was looking.

Quest: Did you say anything to her?

Architect: No. I was too slow.

Quest: And what about Jenny? You mentioned her earlier.

Architect: Yes, that's right. That was the next day.

Quest: So you went back to the shop?

Architect: Yes. I thought I might see another sight like that blonde, so I told the assistant I'd be back the next day after I made my mind up which pair of jeans to buy.

Quest: So that's where you met Jenny?

Architect: Yes. In the same cubicle as the bird the day before. I went to the same vantage point as the day before and hung around for a while. There was one grotty bird trying on some jeans so I moved away. Then she came out and Jenny went in there.

Quest: Did you know her?

Architect: No, I found out her name later.

Quest: Please continue.

Architect: She went in, Jenny I mean, and I walked back to my position because she looked quite attractive – long hair, very dark and wavy, and a beautiful figure, quite large boobs but slim.

Quest: Did you see her undressing?

Architect: Yes. She was trying on a dress and so she had to take her skirt and blouse off. I watched her undo the skirt and step out of it. She had little pants on too, but they were blue. Very sexy. Then she turned around and saw me.

Quest: She actually saw you watching her?

Architect: Yes.

Quest: Were you embarrassed?

Architect: I'll say. It was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. I thought she was going to scream and kick up a big fuss. It would have been awful. I mean, most chaps like a secret glimpse of birds dressing or undressing, but you'd feel so terrible if you got caught at it, wouldn't you? If she had yelled I think I'd have died on the spot.

Quest: What did she do?

Architect: You're not going to believe this . . . but it's true.

Quest: Please continue.

Architect: She just smiled at me and carried on.

Quest: Undressing?

Architect: Yes. She stood facing me and calmly undid her blouse. Then she reached behind her back and took her bra off as well. Oh those boobs, some of your models would be proud to have a pair like that. Large but not too big, they were.

Quest: So she knew you were watching her?

Architect: Yes. And she seemed to enjoy it, as if she were putting on a show for me. I watched her try on the dress, take it off and get dressed again. And she kept looking at me to see if I was still watching.

Quest: What did you do?

Architect: I was so stunned I just stood there gaping. I was still standing there like an idiot when she came out of the cubicle.

Quest: Did you speak to her?

Architect: Yes. Well, she spoke to me first.

Quest: What did she say?

Architect: She asked me if I liked the dress. I stammered a bit and didn't know what to say. But I told her it looked very good on her and we started chatting. She was very friendly and it didn't take too long before I felt at ease with her. I asked her out for a drink that night.

Quest: Did she say yes?

Architect: Yes. We went to a pub which had a band playing, but they were too noisy so we left.

Quest: Where did you go?

Architect: She asked me back to her place for a drink and I agreed like a shot. I couldn't very well have taken her back to my flat because it's always in such a mess.

Quest: Did you have sex with her that night?

Architect: Yes. She started talking about how we met, me watching her in the cubicle. She said she didn't know why but it really turned her on when she realised there was someone watching her taking her clothes off. It was the first time it had happened to her and she got excited. That's why she had put on a sort of show for me, because it made her feel randy as well. In fact she did it again.

Quest: Stripping you mean?

Architect: Yes. She suggested she give me a sort of action replay of what had happened that afternoon in the shop. She slowly stripped off in front of me but this time she went even further.

Quest: She stripped completely?

Architect: Yes. She took everything off and just stood in front of me. That really turned me on, of course, just seeing that terrific body naked. I had a real hard-on and she spotted it.

Quest: What did she do?

Architect: She laughed and said she felt randy as hell after stripping for me, and she wanted what I had in my trousers. That was all the invitation I needed.

Quest: So you had sex?

Architect: We went to her bedroom, and had a real session. She lay on the bed fingering herself while I undressed then we kissed and I played with those boobs. They were fantastic and she loved me touching them, specially when I nibbled them. Then I moved down her body to her stomach, kissing her, and then to her bush which was trimmed quite short. She got really excited when I started to lick her fanny and asked me to turn round so we could get into a sixty-nine position.

Quest: Did you have actual intercourse?

Architect: And how. We went down on each other until we both got really worked up then I knelt up and slid it into her. She was more than ready for it and had an orgasm almost as soon as I slipped it to her. I moved in and out of her, slowly at first then faster and faster as she dug her nails into my back. She was begging me to do it harder so I really pounded it into her until I climaxed and she did for the second time just after I did. I lay on top of her, still inside her. Then she slowly moved her pelvis until I was aroused again and we did it again. But this time she knelt astride me.

Quest: Did you see her again after that night?

Architect: No, she was engaged. She had only agreed to go out with me because her fiancé was away on a training course and because she was so turned on after what happened in the shop. So when I left her the next morning I never saw her again.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Dental nurse, 28 years old, single, raven-haired, town of origin Rickmansworth**

This interviewee left school at the age of 18 and trained as a dental nurse. She is engaged and currently lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: You are a very attractive woman, are you sexually experienced?

Nurse: Wow! What an opening question. You're no Russell Harty, leading me gently into the interview are you? Am I sexually experienced? Ah yes. Probably not by your standards I'm not. I've been to bed with boyfriends of course, but I've tended to have quite stable relationships – apart from the time after my first engagement broke up that is.

Quest: Who ended the relationship?

Nurse: I did. We're still friends. I lived with him for a few months, much to the disapproval of my family, but I began to feel trapped. I was only 20 at the time and I could see myself as a housewife with two kids by the time I was 23 or so. I wanted to do a lot more. It was a hard decision but we talked it over countless times before I had to make the decision.

Quest: Was the relationship sexually satisfying?

Nurse: It was all right – and I don't mean that in a condemning way; but I think that Gary was more interested in me physically than I was in him. I suppose that's natural though, isn't it?

Quest: What do you mean?

Nurse: Well, he would hardly leave me alone. He always wanted to be fondling me and I used to get sick of it.

Quest: Could you elaborate?

Nurse: Silly, really. Like when we'd sit down to watch the box, he'd want to cuddle – hold my boobs and things.

Quest: And that annoyed you?

Nurse: It got a bit much. There's a time and a place for everything.

Quest: You object to being fondled?

Nurse: No. Sometimes it's nice. It's sometimes nice if you do it yourself.

Quest: You mean masturbate?

Nurse: Wrong again. Sometimes it's nice in an evening as you get ready for bed to just undress before the mirror to let your hands caress your body. To feel how smooth and cool your skin is. It's hard for me to explain.

Quest: You're doing very well. You seem very aware of your body. Is that so?

Nurse: I've never thought about it. I know though how men find it attractive.

Quest: You're talking of the times you've used it to attract men?

Nurse: All women do, don't they?

physical between you and your flatmates, but did either of Dave's colleagues appeal to you?

Assistant: One of them I already knew and he wasn't really my type, but Steve – the other one – really made me weak at the knees in the classic sense.

Quest: Did you have the same effect on him?

Assistant: Well, we all met up for a drink before leaving for our holidays to make plans and to see if there was anyone we thought we might not get on with. Steve was very pleasant and friendly, but there didn't seem to be any signs that he might fancy me.

Quest: Did anything happen on the holiday?

Assistant: It was a bit difficult really. There would be eight of us on the beach larking around by day, and eight again in the evening in some pub. And when we got back to the camp-site the four blokes would troop into their tent and we would troop into ours.

Quest: So the holiday wasn't a great success.

Assistant: Oh no. It was great. We had the really good weather at the end of August and beginning of September, and I really loved the camping. Often we had a whole field to ourselves, and I love to be out in the open and all that.

Quest: But at first things didn't go as you'd hoped with Steve.

Assistant: That's about the crux of the matter. It doesn't happen very often – well, not with me anyway – but I suppose I lusted after Steve. I can't really think of any other way to put it. He wore quite brief trunks on the beach and had one of those bodies you just want to run your hands all over.

Quest: Did you fantasise about doing this to Steve?

Assistant: I suppose I did. Most nights in that half sleep before and after real deep sleep there are a few moments when I slide my fingers up and down.

Quest: You mean you masturbate.

Assistant: Very occasionally I do masturbate to full climax, but that's not what I meant. I just slowly slide my fingers up and down the opening – it's just a nice feeling. Laying in the tent I was doing that one night and I started to think about Steve. I fantasised that he could see my crotch in some way, and that's when I first started to have this idea.

Quest: What idea?

Assistant: I'd taken on holiday some of those silky boxer-type shorts that are loose fitting round the legs, so I lay there in the tent thinking about wearing them the next day on the beach with nothing underneath so I could somehow manage to give Steve a glimpse of my pubes.

Quest: Did you actually do this?

Assistant: The next day it was really hot and we planned to spend it at Perranporth Beach in north Cornwall, so I did slip on my shorts with nothing underneath, while on top I wore one of those white cotton blouses that tie up at the front. It was fairly revealing really, especially as my nipples are quite dark. I told myself that I was dressing to suit the weather, but I think Steve was at the back of my mind.

Quest: What happened on the beach?

Assistant: When we'd found a spot I strolled around until everyone had plonked themselves down. Steve was on his stomach reading, so I positioned myself a few feet in front of him a bit to one side and read a newspaper. I thought about my fantasies the night before, but in the light of day they weren't so vivid.

Quest: But you did give Steve a glimpse?

Assistant: After we'd been on the beach for about an hour the boys debated whether or not to go for a swim and I thought to myself if I was going to do anything I'd better be quick. Thinking about it made my heart beat so much, I thought people would be able to see my chest pounding, and I know this may sound a bit strange but I didn't really realise what I was doing.

Quest: Go on.

Assistant: I was still reading my newspaper with my knees drawn up slightly, and I slowly moved my right hand to the outside of my shorts. I then gathered the loose material in round my fingers so that the spare material of the other leg would be pulled open over my crotch. Steve and I were the only smokers out of us, so that was a good way of getting his attention. I went to ask him if he wanted a cigarette, but because I was so nervous and my heart was racing the words sounded a bit shaky. As Steve replied that he would like one I reached over to my handbag moving my left knee out to steady myself. If Steve had been looking I'm sure he would have seen everything and as I smoked my cigarette I remember feeling excited that Steve had probably shared a private part of me.

Quest: Did Steve react in any way?

Assistant: Well not at first as far as I could tell, but a few minutes later all eight of us went in the sea. As usual the boys all wanted to romp about in the waves a bit longer, so the four of us girls went and got dry. I think the invigorating swim and then running up the beach made me feel quite tingly all over and more than ever I wanted to hold Steve. We dried ourselves and I put my cotton blouse back on top and just wrapped the towel around my bottom – I'd let myself dry off a few minutes before putting my shorts on, but to be honest I suppose I still hoped something might happen with Steve.

Quest: And did it?

Assistant: When the boys joined us Steve came over to me and scrounged a cigarette. As he lit up he looked at the rocks at the far end of the beach and asked if I was any good at rock climbing. Well, my heart missed a beat and my spirits rose, but then plummeted when Steve asked if anyone else wanted to join us. I knew none of the girls would go because I think they realised how I felt about Steve, and then my spirits rocketed again because none of the other boys wanted to come. Looking back I reckon they knew Steve was after a bit more than a scramble across the rocks and Steve only asked them to appear natural.

Quest: So at last you had Steve alone.

Assistant: Yes, at last. We strolled over to the rocks and suddenly I remembered I still had nothing on under my towel. 'Oh my God', I said to Steve, 'I forgot to put anything on under my towel.' 'Well, you'll just have to be extra careful', he replied. And I thought to myself that 'careful' was the last thing I was going to be. Well without even trying I'm sure that I gave Steve quite a few glimpses of my botty and fanny as we scrambled across the rocks, and after a while we'd been brushing against each other and holding hands so often that I was getting excited and could feel myself getting moist.

Quest: Did Steve respond?

Assistant: When we'd reached a spot that couldn't be seen from anywhere I suggested that we ought to catch our breath for a few moments. I sat on the warm rock with my knees drawn up to my chin and closed my eyes to face the sun. Almost immediately I felt Steve's fingertips slowly move along my thigh towards my bottom, but moving inwards all the time. It was tickly but very sensuous, and when he reached my crotch he slowly stroked the pubes on one side of my opening. Then Steve ran his fingers up and down the dry, loose flesh above my clit before sliding a finger deep into me, and I must have been so slippery it didn't make any difference having my knees together. He then kissed me and, oh, it was just incredible as he nibbled my tongue and then moved his fingers inside my blouse and slid them around each nipple. I suddenly realised that my hands were doing nothing so I pulled open the top of Steve's trunks and his penis jumped out almost as if it wanted to be released. I moved my hand up and down it using my thumb to rub the moist end, and my fingers to gently squeeze his testicles.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Assistant: To put it mildly, yes. Steve slid off his trunks as I unwrapped my towel and placed it under my head. Steve then entered me and as it slid in for the first time I could feel all the different contours and I had an immediate orgasm. Oh, it was really beautiful feeling Steve slide his full length in and out while his hands roamed my bottom, but when his breath started to quicken it dawned on me that we hadn't taken any precautions.

Quest: What did you do?

Assistant: I asked Steve to stop and explained why, which he understood. Then I raised his hips off me and slid underneath Steve until my mouth reached his erection. Steve moved back and forth inside my mouth being careful not to push too hard and all the while I was sliding my fingers deep inside my fanny. As my fingers moved faster and faster Steve sensed that I was coming so he didn't hold back any longer. We both came together in one big, shuddering orgasm. Oh, it was great, and then we lay there for ages under the sun. Later we reversed roles so that I was on top with my thighs straddling Steve's face, while he lay on his back. That was just as enjoyable as the first time.

Quest: Perhaps not showing it off intimately to attract men.

Nurse: You're making me embarrassed.

Quest: You must have something to feel embarrassed of?

Nurse: It was funny really. A laugh.

Quest: Tell me.

Nurse: It was after my engagement fell through. I'd moved in with a couple of girls from the hospital and a couple of boys. It was a mixed flat in a very big old Edwardian house. They were all flats in that area. I know what you're thinking but we each had our own rooms.

Quest: And you met Dave shortly after?

Nurse: It was so strange. I met him at the bus stop one day and he introduced himself, just by way of saying 'How have you settled in?' He'd obviously been watching – I was quite surprised.

Quest: Did you fancy him?

Nurse: He was quite good-looking, but it wasn't like that. I invited him to our house-warming. The girls were all saying what a fast worker I was. He came alone – which I found encouraging – and he spent some time talking to me. He was interesting to talk to – he was doing a philosophy course at a nearby Poly. I started to quite fancy him, maybe because I didn't have a boyfriend at the time. Anyway, I discovered he was unattached. He had the flat almost directly opposite and lived by himself.

Quest: How did the relationship develop?

Nurse: Very slowly. He didn't seem to be interested in me sexually at all. The other girls and the guys in our flat kept telling me he was gay.

Quest: So how was the ice broken?

Nurse: I was doing some re-decorating and had decided to replace these awful curtains. I shopped around looking for a nice blind pattern and came across one – it might have been from Living Daylights; no, perhaps not – anyway, it was beige in colour and had a silhouette on it in the form of a woman undressing, side view. I thought it a laugh so I ordered it. It took a few weeks to be delivered and I thought I'd have a laugh at Dave's expense when I put it up. I got home early one afternoon, took down the old curtains and fixed up the roller blind and waited with the light out for Dave to come home. When I saw him come into the room – he always had his curtains open during the day – I switched on my light as I knew he couldn't help but see as he went to close his curtains. I then switched off my light very quickly, so he wouldn't be sure what he'd seen.

Quest: What effect did it have?

Nurse: I did it on a couple of occasions and I bumped into Dave again a few days later.

Quest: Did he comment?

Nurse: Oh yes. He said that I should be careful about undressing in front of a window even with the blind drawn. I asked him if he'd liked what he'd seen. He said that he'd thought it most erotic. I imagined that he might have even played with himself. Poor thing I had to tell him. He made a comment along the lines that his luck was out, he thought I might have been an exhibitionist. We went out for a meal together a few days after, though there still hadn't been any sexual contact at all.

Quest: What happened next?

Nurse: It sounds set up but it wasn't – a week or so later I was due to go to a party and I'd had some shopping to do and got home just before dusk. As I was late I flung the things down and went up to my room to change. I ran a bath and afterwards I went back to my room to dress. I hadn't thought about the window and I started getting things out of the wardrobe holding them to me and looking in the mirror to see what suited me.

Quest: Were you naked?

Nurse: No I had my housecoat on but just as I was about to take it off I remembered the window and as it was soon going to be dark I thought of closing the blind. Then I saw Dave looking straight across.

Quest: Did you still have your gown on?

Nurse: Oh yes. But in that split second, the thought of actually letting him see parts of me, made me go all hot and flushed. If I faltered too long it would look obvious so in that split second I decided to leave the blind up and continue.

Quest: What did you do exactly?

Nurse: Well I undid my housecoat and quickly let it fall but very quickly retreated behind the wardrobe door out of sight. I sneaked a peek and could see Dave watching still. I put on a pair of sexy frilly panties and my suspender belt which I never ever wore and a pair of stockings. I felt very erotic knowing he could see me so. I then walked past the window a few times with a dress in front of me, as though I was still deciding. Then I let it fall and stood at the mirror – he could see me well enough – and started to gently caress my breasts. My nipples were aching so much – I found that far more than turning Dave on, which I later found out I'd done, it was having the same effect on me. I wanted to play with myself to rub my clitty, but I thought that would be too much, at least with Dave watching, so I pretended to straighten my stockings for a few seconds longer and then went to the window bare-breasted and pulled down the blind. Dave was still there.

Quest: Did you do anything else?

Nurse: My heart was beating like nothing I'd heard or felt before. I felt all tingly still and so I lay on the bed and slipped my panties down and played with my clitty until I orgasmed.

Quest: It had the effect you wanted?

Nurse: I saw a lot of Dave after that and on our next date I went back to his flat where he proved conclusively that he wasn't gay.

Quest: Was this the only time you've been tempted to show yourself off?

Nurse: To be honest, no. I found that I was so turned on by the experience that it took quite a time to get it out of my mind. Dave thought it most erotic and sometimes after that I would deliberately undress in front of the window for him. We only saw each other for a few months after that.

Quest: And on the other occasion?

Nurse: That was silly. Pure animal – really. I don't think I've got a bad body. I suppose that I am quite proud of it. Wendy, that's one of my flatmates at the time, had a new boyfriend, a real dish he was. He looked a bit like a young Paul Newman, and I took a real liking to him. Wendy used to regale us with stories of how good he was in bed. I used to feel very jealous as although I thought I had a nicer body than Wendy, I'd never really had a man who could thoroughly satiate me sexually.

Quest: So you showed yourself to him?

Nurse: Very rudely. Wendy's room is past mine and sometimes in the mornings I would leave my door open just a little so he could peek in if he wanted. He'd usually have a surreptitious look, so one morning when I heard him go to the bathroom I got up and stripped quickly and made sure I was in a position putting on my knickers in which he couldn't help but see me. On the way back he stopped dead in his tracks. I apologised and made to cover myself but he said something like I had nothing to be ashamed of. The next time he was around I did a similar thing only this time I positioned myself on the edge of the bed and started to stroke my pussy. God, I felt terrible. I couldn't believe it was me. On this occasion he came into my room and suddenly I felt ridiculous – I couldn't feign embarrassment again so I just said 'Do you like what you see?' He said he did, that I had the best figure he'd seen.

Quest: Did anything happen?

Nurse: He kissed me and we fondled each other. I touched his penis through his pyjamas, but he said he had to get back before Wendy got up. We arranged for me to go to his place the following Saturday – he was going to put Wendy off. We both knew it was just for sex, that nothing else would happen: no emotional involvement. So that Saturday I dressed up especially.

Quest: How was that?

Nurse: I dressed in stockings and suspenders but wore no knickers and a shortish skirt. We went out to dinner and I quite forgot that I wasn't wearing knickers until a chap at the table opposite dropped something and as he bent down to pick it up he practically fell over. I ate up quickly and then we went back to John's place. He was very good really but I remember how astonished he was when we began kissing and he started fondling me. My nipples became very tingling and I remember how he reacted when he ran his hand up my leg to my stocking tops and came straight into contact with my pubes.

Quest: How was that?

Nurse: He literally gulped. It was obvious that he wasn't as experienced as I had thought. But it seemed to spur him on even more and I began to feel him stiffen. I undid his belt and fly and got him out and started rubbing him. I began to feel very damp down there and all my breath was taken from me when I felt him slide his finger inside me. I orgasmed there on the spot. And we finished the evening making love in his living room with him taking me from behind.

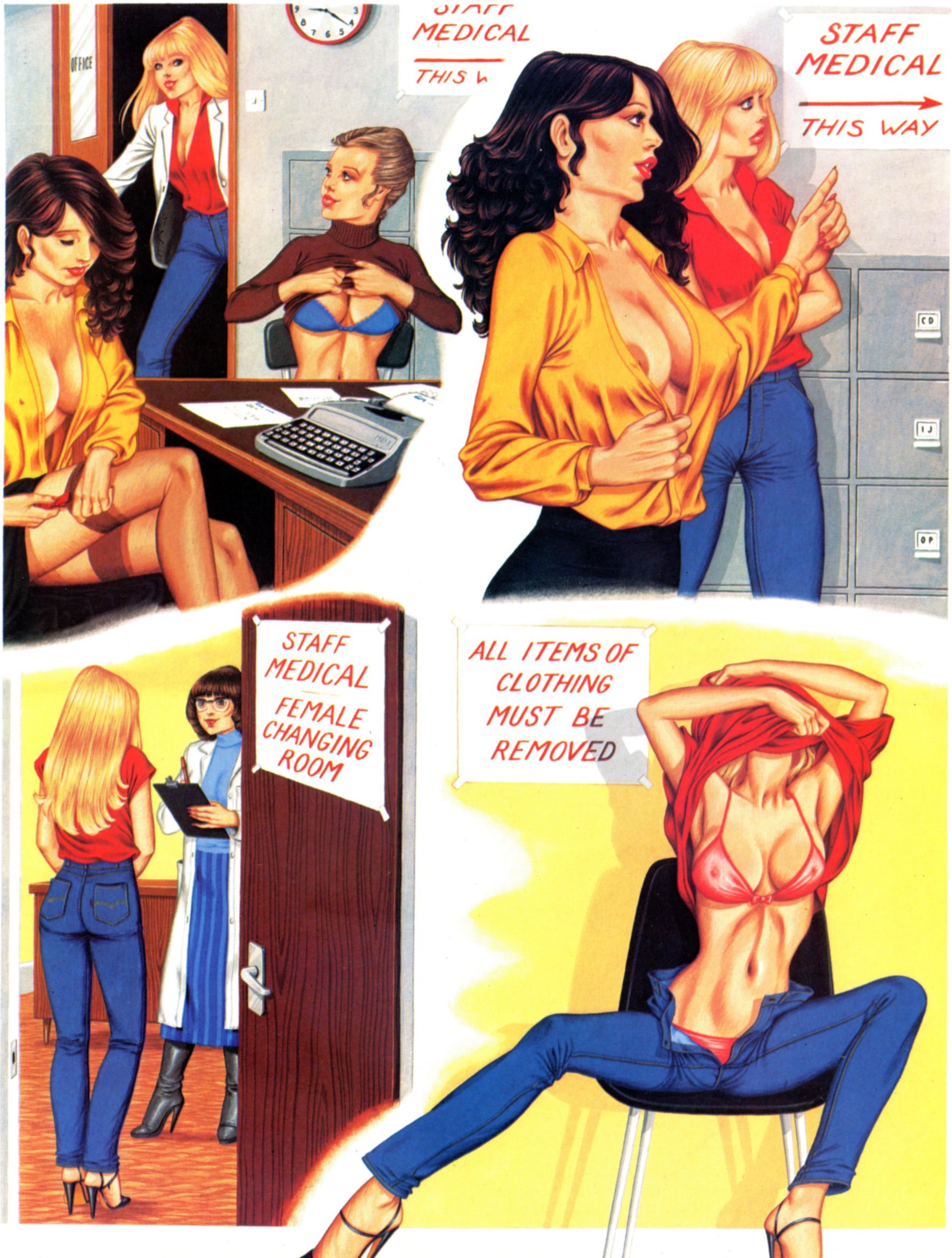
Quest: Did you see more of him?

Nurse: We made love on a couple of other occasions but shortly after that I met my present fiancé and moved in with him.

Quest: Thank you.

CARRIE

Unsuspecting Carrie falls victim to the April Fool pranksters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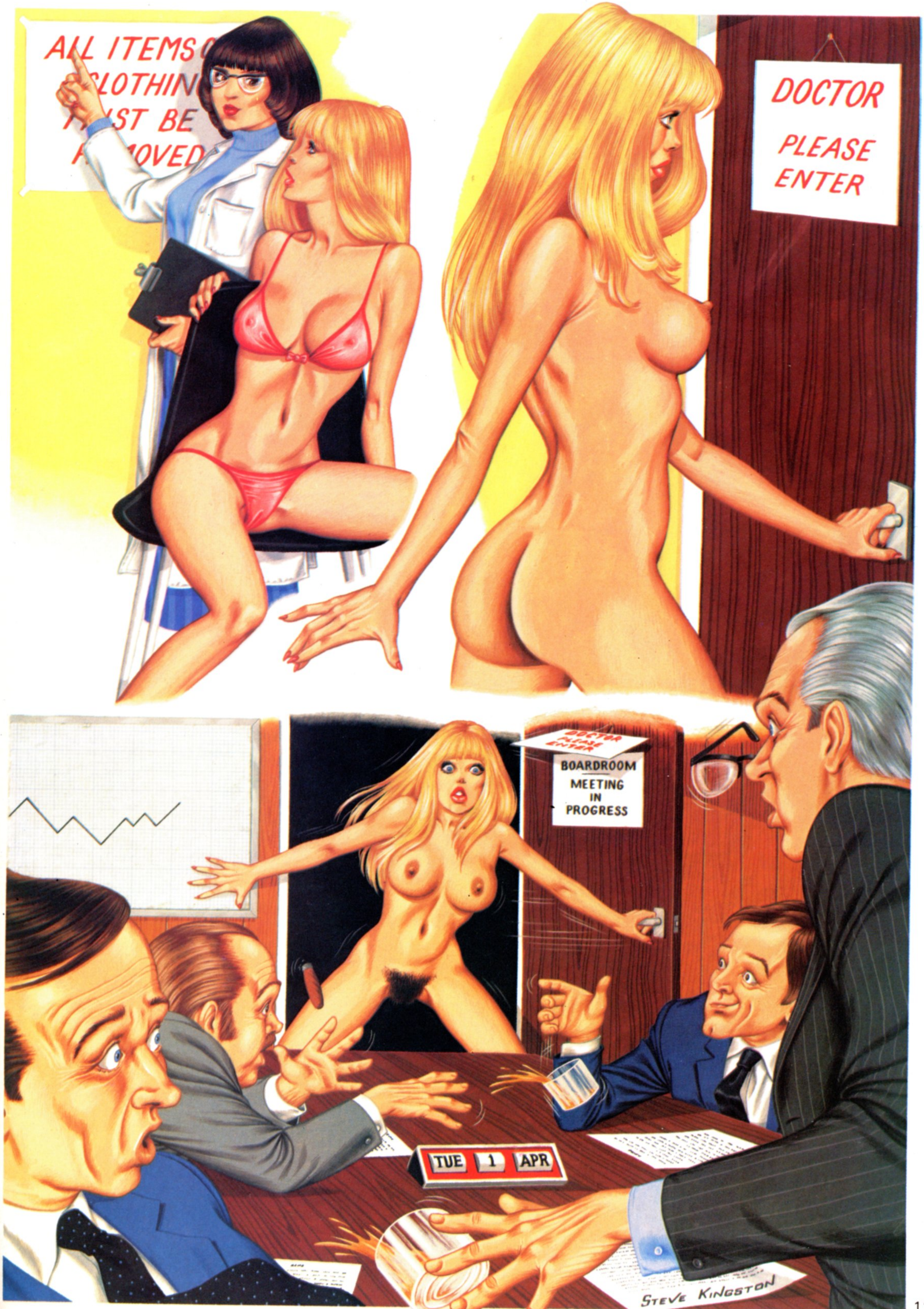
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